

Hugh
MacLennan:
A voice out of time

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 22, 1980

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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VOLUME 93 NUMBER 38

Festival who's who

Beate Midler's tour de force *Dynasty* Wednesday closed Toronto's fifth annual Festival of Festivals, a 10-day-long extravaganza which delivered the start and set of shows. **Page 2**

Page 2

Night of the Generals

After Turkey's Friday coup, the U.S. was quick to deny foreknowledge. But there is good reason to suppose it not only knew, but gave its approval in advance. **Page 31**

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白濁帶下白帶

An exercise in failure

What was begun as a voyage to a joyful renewal of the festation was batted last week in a process dominated by closed minds as 11 men led down the nation. As a saddened Pierre Trudeau put it:

There are two conceptions of Canada—and that is why we failed. In comprehensive and analytical reports Macdonald's writers reveal what went wrong and look ahead with what hope there remains for the future.

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A voice out of time

With his first novel in 13 years, Hugh MacLennan, 75, a Canadian institution, offers an apocalyptic, Munksgaard view of the world after the destruction of a nuclear war. **Book 4**

Figure 4

Beyond the commons

Pushed by dwindling housing alternatives, an increasing number of Canadians are embracing the urgent '80s what in the '60s assumed a more gradual co-revolution. **By Bill**

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Editorial

No more gabfests—Trudeau will have to write it himself

By Peter C. Newman

There was nothing ambiguous about the failure of last week's constitutional conference. For six days the 11 men who head this country's governments had searched for a formula that might allow Canada to alter and domesticate its constitution. By the end of that exercise (which followed a summer of intensive preparations) the extent of their agreement was scarcely visible. Instead of allowing themselves to become statesmen, the participating politicians opted for their parish pumps. In fact, they managed the almost incredible feat of moving backward nearly a full decade, so that after six days of jaw-boning they were actually further away from agreement than they had been at the Victoria Conference of 1971.

Although he must carry his share of the blame, Pierre Trudeau is now left with little choice. To do nothing, to surrender himself to the status quo position being advocated by most provincial premiers, would amount to a betrayal of the 31 million Quebecers who voted "non" in last May's referendum. Only by bringing home the British North America Act and amending it in line with contemporary realities can Trudeau live up to the pledge he gave on May 14.

Probably the strongest aspect of last week's abortive conference was the reluctance of its participants

(except for Trudeau and Ontario's Bill Davis) to mount themselves as Canadians. All week they pumped up their rhetoric by voicing derisive debating points against the dark and scheming force represented by Canada's federal administration, all but forgetting the country to which they owe their prime allegiance. (This tendency reached its most comic moment when Angus MacLean of Prince Edward Island called himself "an Islander first, a Minister second, and a Canadian third.")

Though patriotism has successfully evaded agreement since Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe first brought it up at a Dominion-Provincial conference in 1927, drafting a new constitution isn't that unique an achievement. More than a hundred countries have rewritten theirs since the Second World War. But for Canada it's very much more than an academic exercise. On the few occasions when this country has experienced great internal emergencies—such as the smoldering Depression of the 1930s or the military mobilization of the '60s—they have nearly all been national problems requiring national solutions. The current energy crisis could well balloon to similar proportions.

By their unwillingness to compromise regional differences, the perennial premiers have forced Ottawa to act on its own. The author of Canada's new constitution will be Pierre Elliott Trudeau.



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Jamaica's rocky road

By Kenneth Maxwell



Two monkeys, looking out through the bars of their enclosure in the zoo, were watching the antics of the people in front of them. The female turned to her mate and said: "You know, Horace, I'm glad we keep people behind bars, because they could be such a bad influence on the children." What you see depends largely upon where you stand and, from my cage, Jamaica, far as its problems, is doing all right.

Granted, some of the problems are formidable: from foreign exchange to tourism, from lack of spare parts to unemployment. Lack of foreign exchange is not only inconstant financially and in business dealings, it causes factories to close temporarily, others to reduce production and to lay off workers, and makes it almost impossible to import raw materials. For years ago the country had a net foreign reserve of \$120 million.

Jamaican (approximately \$94 million Canadian), while in March of 1980 it had a minus foreign reserve of \$48 million Jamaica (about \$45 million Canadian). Unemployment, too, has risen to the region of 30 per cent. While figures mean little, and statistics can prove anything, Jamaicans have been feeling a very real pinch of price increases and shortages of consumer goods. Though parts are temporarily unavailable, prices are considerable skywards, and these seem as serious as gold.

The opposition has used these hardships as ammunition in the election campaign under way on the island. Both parties have presented their candidates—Edward Seaga, leader of the Jamaica Labor Party, is challenging Prime Minister Michael Manley. Manley's People's National Party (PNP), so far, in a distant second place in the polls with the election scheduled for some time in October.

It is true that there has been a lot of violence in the last six months—murder and rioting. It is also true that the bloodshed has dropped off enormously from 131 deaths in July to 20 in August. And although many Jamaicans have had to be the supposedly safer environments of other countries, there are still a lot of left. The violence that makes the headlines abroad, while it distresses Jamaicans at home, must be seen in context. It takes place almost entirely in the urban regions of the city of Kingston. One can still move freely within the city and there is no panic.

Manley's opponents have expressed fears that the violence could lead to political chaos, a destabilizing situation that might lead Manley to turn Jamaica into a Cuban-style police state. The island has also seen a seemingly endless stream of ex-GIs members warning as at great length how Cuba was destabilized. But in spite of the vul-

gar attempts of some politicians and people in the media to paint pictures of chaos, Jamaica remains remarkably stable. If any foreign influence, with its local agents, is trying to destabilize it, they must be getting worried. It is quite clear that the elections will take place, even though Seaga has said he fears the use of a trumped-up emergency to delay the voting.

What is more, the process of law goes on, in spite of rumors. It also appears to go on, which is just as important. For example, a container of goods was discovered in the Portmore area loaded with shagreen cutlery. It was consigned to a company, Monies Limited, reported to be an offshoot of the Cuban government. Despite that political suspicion the manager was arrested, held without bail, tried, found guilty and fined half a million Jamaican dollars. This straightforward approach does not look like favoritism or partiality toward Manley's friends in Havana.

The army is now assisting the police in the task of dealing with violence under the Suppression of Crimes Act, passed in 1974 by the first Michael Manley government, and the drastic drop in crimes certainly almost entirely with this event. Even the offices of various politicians have been searched for evidence of complicity in the violence. The PNP has taken this in very ill humor and one of Manley's members took part in a demonstration against police brutality. Seaga's party, while objecting to the searches, has adapted much better. It has the law and made no loud protests. The government is therefore putting itself in the peculiar position of seeming to object

to its own security forces, while the opposition is becoming the party of law and order.

That there is political violence is undeniable, but it seems more than likely that it is local rather than foreign, for no one can destabilize a country but itself. Can anyone survive Switzerland being destabilized? Bear in mind the terrain of Jamaica (where a 95-km journey takes roughly two hours over good roads), the low level of literacy (and the high level of concentration normal in a rural society—and Jamaica is still rural). Ninety-nine per cent of Jamaica is still peaceful and tranquil, most of its people are not involved in violence of any kind and are not about to be destabilized, even on expert advice.

Jamaica has its problems, and one of them certainly is that those looking in on us see a beleaguered, poverty-stricken people. Those of us inside get on with life, finding such strength and peace as we can within ourselves. From our side of the bars, the rest of the world is an no problem to criticize our actions, old as they may seem. In any case, my country suits me, and I have no intention of leaving it, even if the hurricane were a CIA plot.

Kenneth Maxwell is a journalist living in Kingston.

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Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

'When I look to the future, it is a sad load round'

His Name: Richard



I have been forced to leave home in Toronto, San Francisco, a small town in Mexico and a Gulf island in British Columbia. Always on the run. I'm secretly a professional sneaker padding my poofs and trying not another refuge. Packing all my goods that is, with one common item: my network, missing—like street and fellow speakers. I am a refugee from sound—unsuspected for, arrested sound mostly made up of loud music and loud voices conveyed electronically, which interrupts and finally curtails thought and privacy.

I am a poet, age 26, and the main I live with, as artist, is 33 but we have drenched and avoided neighbors up to the

age of 80. We were born, it seems, with the audacity of a quieter era. Since our studios are attached to our home in a residential area, we don't escape the annual infiltration from it to it. But could we approach? The leaders of our buildings are hushers of Hush as are the sleeping floors of department stores. Sitting in a doctor's waiting room, I have observed motor cars in addition to my original complaint. We have walked out of restaurants because it was impossible to have our order served, not to even think of coming. When I have asked the waitress to turn down if not off the basic of our loud sounds, she has taken the polite request as a personal insult. Not only have I been left with tortured ears, but I have resorted to temporary earplugs for any audacity.

How can one think creatively and logically when the air is filled with jingles and blasts of sound, like cold drafts, intercept the space of contemplation? The constant drone also dulls the environment and mutes the world into a sameness that leaves one numb, immune to anything more, dead in

All a progressive high school a few weeks ago, I was giving a spelling word I was interrogated by a sudden blast of music. I looked around in anger to locate the culprit. To my complete surprise, the students rose as one and fired out of the room. I learned later that the bell was considered gone. It certainly saved the teacher any closing words or home assignments. The students danced and pranced to their next class and the noise stopped only when it was time for learning to begin again.

I suppose it is probably only a few noise freaks who impose on the rest of us, the quiet majority. We are helpless, though, in the battle for our sound privacy. It takes only one person to turn on a radio as a beach to disturb the music swimming in silence. It is like the sheer deaf aggressiveness of such noise that invades me. Of course, there are many noises

that pollute our culture preserve, but I do not feel annoyed by constructive sounds. A lawn mower, a power saw, a jack-hammer may be intrusive, but because they are necessary and constructive their noise is tolerable. A stereo 10 times louder than is required to hear the song is destructive. There is no need for it, and I see it as a symptom of the selfishness and thoughtlessness of our society.

None freaks are found the world over on sidewalks, in parks and in cars at red lights, windows open, blasting forth their message. I sense that message is often intended to convey this image: "I'm with it. I'm into the current scene." What better way to declare that than with loud music? It is the ultimate long distance announcement.

Lead stems sound must be a blessing to couples and families who can't talk to each other without quarrelling. Now they need not even try. Perhaps silence, to them, is the possibility of failure. I suspect the addiction to lead sound is related to a fractured world where people find it difficult to communicate and thus simply fill the void. Why write a letter when you can send a tape? Why attempt to be witty in conversation when you can turn on a comic complete with laugh track?



When I think to the future, it is a real loud sound. Loud as the listeners grow deaf. When one generation becomes the older generation, will they be quiet at long last? I fear not. If you love it loud at 20 or 30, you'll love it louder at 40 or 50!

I have tried being polite, a pest, making official and desperate complaints and crying. I simply can't be heard. A house remains a castle of selfishness ungriffled. Even this claim of independence has been prevented by the mere solicitation since the time by James Otis was written "A man's house is his castle, and whilst he is quiet, he is as well guarded as a prison in his castle." Without that "guarded quiet," my plea is a squeak. The only silent minutes I have found so far are backspacing. The snow sheds at 3,500 metres is well worth the effort and, yes, even the sight of snow-covered evergreen spruces, grasses, or yew is beautiful in itself enough. Really sound is too heavy to carry.

Naomi Barthel is a poet living in North Vancouver.



This Canada

History defrosting



100

By Peter Carline-Gordon

On the surface, Indian lands below the crumbling cliffs of York Factory, 250 km southeast of Churchill, Man., Parks Canada archeologist John Combs stares wistfully at the colony's main river and beyond, to the mouth of Hudson Bay. "York has to be one of the five most important archeological sites in this country, yet few Canadians seem to care," he sighs with a frustrated sigh. "It's a shame that the world's oldest city of permanent settlement saw the wave site, seedling layer upon layer of Canadian history pushing onto the beach and into the river." "All we can do is salvage what," he says. "It would take 50 people to do a good job and one day it will be too late." As Combs speaks, another clump of staff reaches into the long-haired treasures that make up the site's archaeological record. They hold up a beaded sash, furrow-

located York Factory, the post was active from 1684 until its final closure in 1843. Located on the southern shore of Lake Winnipeg, the post was large enough to make a little more of the difference, carrying them to Alaska. In a century or so, nothing will remain of what once was a bustling community, comprising a trading empire of 15 million square miles. Founded in 1882, York Factory was the main northern depot for the Hudson's Bay Company, manufacturing and exporting trade goods to pay the Cree and Assiniboine Indians for their furs. It was also the scene of the French-English two-alive-war for the most part of the trade which ended in 1713 when the Treaty of Utrecht gave York to the British. For 475 years it traded with the natives, its massive fleet of ships with the shouts of con-

York Factory: "Few of us seem to care."

merro, its quays bustling with men, as small schooners ferried in their cargoes of wine, tobacco, food and goods from British ships anchored upstream at Five Fathom Hole.

At its zenith (around 1950), York housed more than 30 buildings and a population of 950. Where grizzlies are now teased by a house from Tree Shrub Creek, there once stood a blacksmith's, a cooper's, a church, a school—a self-contained community. Today three remains only the hollow-encrusted charcoaled and a massive wooden depot, constructed when Queen Victoria was a girl. The depot has a floor separated from the walls to accommodate the drifting permafrost. The same spruce walls are soaked with centuries of grilling—the stench of Mag and his ill-souping "There's no shoveling."

The churchyard, hidden in a tangle of twisted willows, contains well over 100 graves. Most have crude wooden crosses, green with age, with the names of their owners long since gone. Bothered an iron railing has Chas' Father William Strick, who could afford stone and marble, and did. The art is still sold here, the front iron only less than a metre below the surface. "What is missing," says John Combes with some awe, "is that probably all the bodies in this churchyard are perfectly preserved. The medical possibilities are astonishing."

The importance of this section of the site has not gone unnoticed. Dr. William Kwart of Winnipeg has been fascinated for 30 years and has studied Hudson's

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Bay Company medical records stretching back 300 years. Though he refuses to discuss his work until it's completed and published, the prospects are both bizarre and intriguing. If the frozen corpses were disinterred, might the microbes that killed them—some 150 years ago—still be virulent? And if some kind of diseases now gone, could extinct viruses be isolated, combined with others and used to catalogue some new wonder cure of benefit to mankind?

In its three centuries here, the Hudson's Bay Company recorded everything: weather, tides, invasions, births, deaths and social notes. Over half a million pages on York Factory alone lie in the Manuscript Library stacks housing the Hudson's Bay Archives. Bruce Donaldson, a historian on contract to Parks Canada, has the job of sifting records and advising the handful of diggers how the site was used, what stood where, and when. In the churchyard, Donaldson pauses, just for a moment to reverse. "History comes alive here. There lies the body of a man whose letters I was reading last night. He died 120 years ago, yet I feel I know him. You read what these people wrote and you know what the future held, how they would feel. Sometimes you wish you could intercede and warn them not to do this or that because you knew the outcome. It's a queer feeling."

Much of Donaldson's reading is dry stuff, but there is a splash of color here and there. Fights and scandals are hinted at, a massacre simply leaves a trail of clothes leading to an ice hole on the river, and a man with a coat full of fire-works is accidentally blown up. There were famous visitors in 1811 the Selkirk settlers first set foot here on their way inland, a Franklin expedition passed to its tragic quest for a Northwest passage, and a member of the Pulitzer expedition also made a stop. At Christmas time a frothy dance was held in "Bacheler's" hall beside the depot, with Indians of the house guard invited. Before the evening ended each female had been kissed by well-fortified company employees and treated to gaudy "I love you" candles lit, as one John George McTavish noted, "with a few mounted rascals."

The cliffs drop craggy like a fish painting and the scratch of tweed goes on, under the keen eye of Gary Adams, an archeologist with a flowing beard and a frustration to match. At the present rate no more than two per cent of this site will be unearthed by 1985. One single square metre has yielded 1,200 artifacts. Adams is busy now with the dugout house and would like to construct a complete socioeconomic map of the site. But the priorities, it seems, are elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of



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Excavations are being spent on non-endangered sites, millions more on National Park development. York Factory has a budget of \$300,000 to last five years. It is not enough.

Already, in two years of serious digging, a handful of students have unearthed fully preserved medicines, clothing and trade goods—more than 30,000 artifacts in all. If the project had the funding it needs and the manpower, no one doubts that more than 100,000 could be recovered every year. Last year Professor Arthur Ray of York University applied to the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada for a \$5-million grant to cover a five-year interdisciplinary excavation and research project involving up to 70 people. It would include ecological, agricultural, labor, manufacturing, medical and nutritional studies, but the funding was not forthcoming. Ray will apply again next July. "It's frustrating because York Factory has to be the single most important site of the entire fur trade period," he says. "It has a wealth of perfectly preserved information and we have a detailed record of three centuries of European colonization in Canada's North. Larger sites are being spent on other sites, yet they're in its danger and their yield of artifacts is often small."

It seems, for now, that no one cares. Such neglect is nothing new. As recently as 1906, 700 natives gathered at York to trade their furs, but by 1908 the number had dwindled to 70 and the massive depot, 36 metres by 32 metres and built round a quadrangle, closed its doors forever the following year. From 1967 to 1968 the site was totally neglected. Buildings collapsed, were torn down or burned. Visitors in masses stopped and marvelled at such shelter-

less and paid-off on with survivors—even the depot's elaborate deer bandits were taken by American visitors. Ironically, it was the Americans—members of the Minnesota Historical Society—who finally wrote to the federal government and asked it into declaring York Factory a protected and national historic site in 1968.

Parks Canada appointed Doug MacLachlan as site caretaker. The appointment was appropriate, since MacLachlan worked at York as a 15-year-old apprentice fur buyer in 1898 and even chosen the same birthday—May 2—as the Hudson's Bay Company. Although not a trained archaeologist, MacLachlan did what he thought best, gathering artifacts and storing them in the depot. Candian became his own trade goods, as he paid native children for their fash-

ion, the beech—masks, cannon balls and all the bric-a-brac of two centuries. Last year, in an economy move, he was fired, or "made redundant" in bureaucratic.

MacLachlan hangs on still at York, living in what used to be a boathouse. He is fighting his dismissal with lawyers and letters. In winter he traps. In summer he welcomes paddlers and moves the grass on the cliffs. In his decade of curating and salvaging he has met thousands of visitors and kept the Hudson's Bay Company traditions alive, writing a daily journal of tales, weather and general happenings. "I've even entertained a lieutenant-governor," he says with pride.

In its summery garb, York Factory's faded beauty whispers of the past. About it, drowsy dragonflies light on golden buttercups and dandelions from England. The inhabitants used the latter in salads, turning the flowers into wine. Here too grew English gooseberries, red wild, vine-tipped anemones, bluebells, crinoids, sweet and Queen Anne's lace. To walk around York Factory is to walk back in time. Above the depot, in the hexagonal lookout tower, the ages mingle. Visitors, scribbles, including three Maori tribes, have etched their names on the dark woodwork. Here sentinels stood and watched the Haves, scanning the mouth of the bay for ships, the Haves in the Old World. In the rafters, the wind howled as it does today, and in the West, across the marsh and scrub, ancient eyes beheld the Nelson River, two horns' travel away. Just 98 years ago, La Perouse crept that way and took York Factory for the French, in the snow-bellied of yore. ... Does it matter? ◇



Naval artifacts (above), fort in 1797: in 1900 poses nothing at all and is left



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Dateline: Jerusalem



An old city's walls of the mind

By Eric Silver

Moushach Begn's prospective new neighbors are not around. Far from it. Says Ya'ish, a 50-year-old widow, her two daughters-in-law and 11 grandchildren, the Israeli prime minister's investment move from Jewish West Jerusalem to Arab East is an absolute political move. Begn's office and other five- and five-story government buildings that have gone up over the past two years are already laying waste to the Palestinian family's stone bungalow. The bulldozers peeling the site crushed the walls of two ancient, centuries-old buildings which were used as a kitchen and bedroom, and all 14 Abu Ya'ish lost to another Zaimb's two sons when they came once a year from their jobs in Saudi Arabia) have been forced to live in two bedrooms and a living room. The presence of a military Arab house in the middle of the new government compound is an obvious embarrassment to Israeli security men. Even before Begn had decided to move them, they had tried to push out the Abu Ya'ishs offering them compensation, and another house elsewhere. The three women, refugees 32 years ago from the Arab village of Lifta in West Jerusalem, refused to go.

Anna, the matriarch of the daughters-in-law, explained their stand. "Even if they destroy our house,

we shall not leave. We have nowhere else in the world. We don't trust the Israelis. They expelled us first from Lifta, then they expropriated land on this site that belonged to other members of our family. We don't want another house. Even if they mean what they say, they will probably put us in the desert somewhere." Final notices to quit were issued last weekend, but in the subsequent flurry of publicity the prime minister's aides said it is known that he would not insist on their eviction. The threat has been lifted—for the time being.

Alli Ya'ish is the editor of *A Shabab*, one of the more radical of East Jerusalem's three Arabic daily papers. Like all journalists working in the city, he has to submit his copy to military censorship. But the Arabs, he claims, are subjected to stricter and less predictable control. When *The Washington Star* reported that Begn had quarreled with the security service about the investigation of an assassination attempt on three Arab magistrates, the story was carried instantly in all the Israeli media and went round the world. *A Shabab* was not allowed to mention it. "After waiting three days," Ya'ish added, "we ran it and nothing happened to us."

The Arabic papers have devised their own way through the maze. "If we have a hard story that we know will be suppressed, we pass it on to an Israeli re-

Israel office buildings in East Jerusalem: psychological walls grow up

porter. Once he publishes it, we are free to follow suit," Ya'ish explained. Commentaries are easily scrutinized. "You know what you want to say," he added, "and you know what you are allowed to say, so you try to find something in between. Usually you don't succeed."

The shopping streets of East Jerusalem are bustling, loud and a little untidy. Business is good. The locals have money and the tourists keep coming. But the Arab merchants have their complaints too. "Nobody here accepts that Jerusalem is the capital of Israel," said one who asked that his name not be used. "Not long ago, a business strike was called in protest at the new law. The police came to our houses at 1 and 2 in the morning and took us off to the police station. They kept us there till 6 o'clock, then they took us, unharmed and still in our pajamas, and forced us to open the shops. They wouldn't let us go home to wash and dress first. It broke the strike, but it makes us angry."

Thousands of Arabs work in Jerusalem every day to work on Israeli building sites, in hotels, cafes, factories and workshops. They are the silent majority (perhaps over a silent majority). Ahmed is one of them. He has worked for nine years in a Jewish-owned garage, servicing and repairing cars. For him politics takes second place. "When the Jordanians were here," he said in self-taught Hebrew, "it was hard to find work. You had to know somebody to get a job. If you didn't, you had to cross the river and look in Amman. With the Israelis, there's plenty work. For people like us that's the first thing. We

need money to feed our children."

The 100,000 East Jerusalem Arabs move freely about the city, as do Jerusalem's 350,000 Jews. Arab workers are a common sight on the orange Israeli buses, though Jews are more wary of taking Arab passengers to transport to the outer suburbs. The two communities live apart, a custom that suits them both while their political differences are unresolved. Jews and Arabs, who are increasingly difficult for the outsider to tell apart, as the Arabs grow up their kaffiyeh and ankle-length shirts in favor of jeans and T-shirts, buy and sell to each other. Most of the Oriental Jews speak Arabic, many of the Arabs have learned Hebrew.

But social contact remains minimal. Avner Nechusim, a leading lawyer and former Jordanian ambassador to London, remembers Jerusalem before 1968. "I always had Jewish friends," he said. "We used to meet casually over a game of bridge or a glass of beer. After 1968 there was a physical wall between us.



Jerusalem street. With social mixing

That wall fell down with the occupation by Israel of Arab Jerusalem.

"Although deeply shocked by the way in which the murder of my friends had to take place, I welcomed the opportunity to see my friends again. But that immediate reaction could not be sustained against the continued presence of Israel as an occupier and thus as an enemy of my part of Jerusalem. Therefore, as time went on, instead of the physical wall, psychological walls grew up that made it virtually impossible for friends to meet without inhibitions."

Berkun Dabik is chairman of the East Jerusalem Engineers' Association, a successful architect and civil engineer who supervised the restoration of the El Aqsa Mosque after a Christian fanatic set it on fire in 1969. Since the DQF was he has become an increasingly vocal

spokesman for the Palestinian left. Last month the military government banned him from entering the occupied West Bank. His views on Jerusalem's future are clear and uncompromising. "East Jerusalem was not part of Israel before the 1948 war, and it is tucked in to our demand that the occupation should be terminated. It is part and parcel of the occupied territories. For most of us participating in politics during the occupation, you had to stand against it. The threat to your identity, your family, your property and values left no room for choice. The consciousness of

everybody became more acute." Dabik acknowledged, however, that perceptions had changed over the past 12 years. "We were able to get rid of a certain proportion of the mystical and romantic approach to our cause. In the old days we talked of the Israelis as unwelcome guests. We said they must go away. But that only served Israel's cause. We cannot deny the fact that they have become a nation. But by exploring this fact we assert our own right to stay and live alongside them with the wishes of each people to its own way of life." □

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A feel for the past



By Claire Genus

The city was modern Alexandria, built on the ruins of countless earlier Egyptian civilizations. A dusty hot sun aged along under the smoldering Mediterranean sun, the passersby chatting amiably. Suddenly one of them exclaimed "We just dove over the top of Cleopatra's palace!" Their minds on other matters, his companions paid him little attention. But two days later they dove over the same ground and George McMullen again said, "There's Cleo's palace!" He excitedly began describing a palace and insisted that it had extended out into the sea.

McMullen of Texas and (inset) in Egyptian desert: an amazing, baffling sight

"Be the lighthouse out there?" Nobody else fit, said McMullen was describing a building that existed more than 1,000 years ago. He went on to predict that divers would find columns, statues and large, unusual heads at a specific site on the harbor. Later, divers did find just what McMullen had described. The statues and columns have been identified tentatively as part of a Ptolemaic palace complex, and a huge floor found where McMullen saw "Cleo's palace" does appear to be a palace floor, Alexandrian archaeologists say. And earlier ex-

plorer-archaeologist Stephen Schwartz of Los Angeles, working with McMullen on the project, says his companion's depiction corresponds closely to a description of the Ptolemy palace complex—written in 26 BC by the historian Strabo.

That discovery, last year, was all in the day's work for McMullen, 60, of Nanaimo, B.C. Schwartz calls him "the world's greatest archaeological psychic." But after about 18 years in the field, McMullen still balks at the term "psychic." "I hate that word," he growls. "Do me, you link those with mediums and fortune-tellers. I don't do these things. I'm an intuitive." An engaging blend of back-conservation ("My family calls me Arthur Bonker") and spontaneity, McMullen has been "intuitive" ever since he can remember. One of five children in a fatherless home, McMullen was always considered "lucky." He recalls picking up First World War souvenirs at the age of 5 and seeing pictures in his mind of where and how they had been used. Growing up in Mount Dennis, Ont., he excelled in geography ("I know every country and its capital city without being told"). His education ended with Grade 9, and McMullen took on a series of jobs, including carpentry and real estate sales and speculation. But his life took a new direction in 1980 when, at the age of 43, he met Norman Emerson, chairman of the department of archaeology at the University of Toronto and a specialist in Iroquoian Indian history.

Emerson loaned through his wife, Ann, that the husband of her friend Lottie could build objects and tell about their past. His curiosity aroused, he arranged a test. Sitting at McMullen's kitchen table in Peterborough, Ont., one day, Emerson handed him a relic and asked for a description. Although he had no formal knowledge of archaeology, McMullen described the object as a pipestone, made a drawing of its original shape and described not only the maker of the pipe but also the living conditions at the time. "It was found within 100 miles [160 km] of Toronto," he added. The pipestone had been dug up near Toronto at Black Creek Pioneer Village, and the drawing was of an Iroquoian pipe of the current time period, between 1470 and 1670 AD. Emerson was amazed. "George had pinned down and located a very small needle in a very large haystack," he wrote later.

And so a close working friendship began. For the next seven years, the PhD and the Grade 9 graduate worked together on sites throughout Ontario and Quebec. Word of McMullen's abilities spread in the archaeological world. For three years he worked on and off with Hugh Lennox Capre, son of famed pioneer Edgar Capre, in Israel, Iran and Egypt.

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to investigate some of his father's psychic readings. In 1970, the year Emerson died of a stroke, McMillen was contacted by Schwartz, a writer interested in psychic archeology. In his book *The Secret Visions of Time*, he described Emerson's work with McMillen. He had recently formed The Maine Group, a research team of scientific and parapsychological experts to explore archaeological sites, and asked McMillen to join them on some probes. After initial trips in North America the team arranged a coup-permanant to explore Alexandria and to try to find the lost city of Marea, once a thriving port near Alexandria.

Marea's location had long stumped archeologists. Standing is nearly 36°C of desert heat south of Alexandria, McMillen was told only that the city of Marea lay buried somewhere within 500 square miles (just over 12 times the area of Manhattan Island). McMillen went to work. He budgeted for three hours over the sands before deciding that the city lay just some five kilometers away. At the next site he swiftly clambered up a rocky hill—of no particular distinction in the eyes of the rest of the team. But through that strange faculty which baffles seances, auras, cyranes and amuses most observers, McMillen could "see" bits that tell. He began to describe a building that lay beneath the surface. It was used for commerce during the Ptolemaic era, he claimed, and before that as a place of worship for Christians. "Impossible," protested the Egyptian egyptologist. "This was obviously the site of the Roman acropolis, since this is the highest hill in the area." McMillen insisted the building was Ptolemaic, but one thing puzzled him. "I just didn't understand it," he kept saying. "There's a floor, but no floor." The "wall" black, red and white tiles between six and eight feet (1.8 and 2.4 meters) below the surface. The tiles, when excavated, were found at seven feet (two meters) and were black, red and white. The floor had indeed been stripped away, with only the tiles remaining. These were taken to Alexandria for analysis, where Professor Hanyouan Radwan of the Polish Archeological Museum confirmed they were from Ptolemaic mosaic. The final discovery of a red mosaic cross on the foundations underscored the building's Christian origins. During the Ptolemaic era, a building's foundations were conserved with a cross to ward off pagan vibrations from below.

McMillen had erred on only two counts: he had seen square, not round, tiles and had estimated them at 6 1/2 inches (16.5 cm), instead of the 1 1/4 (3.8 cm) (29 cm) they turned out to be. "The people is 100-percent accurate," emphasizes Schwartz. "Working with a

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people isn't as easy as it sounds. Many things can't be checked. Others may have been once correct, but now aren't. When George tells me, for example, there are tiles on the wall of a building, and they're not there, it doesn't mean they weren't at one time." McMillen's intuition was still in high gear, and later on that expedition he found the so-called Cheoptra palace.

How does McMillen locate his sites? "When they ask me about a certain place," he says, "I can see it in my mind. Then I try to place it on a map." The job wasn't too difficult, McMillen said, be-

cause the four middle pieces were less than 200 years apart. McMillen found himself potting them in groups of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Radziewicz was stumped and, shaking his head, told McMillen, "What you have done in these few minutes took an archeologist three years to work out." It had taken McMillen 18½ minutes to sort the pieces.

McMillen, who has no objection to tests, says he has never doubted his own knowledge, and that archeology is an ideal area in which his abilities can be



McMillen with artifacts found a palace

cause the hand must have stayed fairly constant, and he could use rock formations and hills to locate the areas in question. Once he finds a site, he leaves it to the archeologists to dig up. "I'm not interested in all that. I've seen it already." He doesn't always like what he sees. Schwartz took him to one site in Alexandria that verified what him—the reputed site of a Roman prison, where McMillen "saw" slave children being tortured. On another occasion he "saw" animals being thrown a tunnel but refused to tell more. Later, he revealed that they were being pursuing humans as part of a Greek ritual.

While in Egypt, Schwartz asked Radziewicz to offer McMillen an experiment in seriation, a classic archaeological problem in which objects are sorted according to their age. The experiment was filmed and witnessed by Radziewicz, Professor Donald Aboud Doudak of the University of Alexandria, and Schwartz. Radziewicz, who had been asked to give McMillen six pieces of pottery at least 300 years apart, instead included some pieces of the same age, but from different sites. Others were the same age, from the same site. Two

tested. "I always said right from the beginning that I wouldn't do anything if McMillen's been proved. And, as Doc Emerson said to me, 'The truth is in the dig.'"

McMillen is preparing to work on a project in Hawaii involving human communications with killer whales, then projects in Italy, Japan and an Atlantic cruise. A family man, he takes his wife, Lettie, and daughter, Cindy, 13, along when possible. Cindy already has plans to become an archeologist when she graduates, and hopes to spend more time in the field with her father.

After films of his work were shown on Dinah Shore's interview show and Good Morning, America, one American reporter called McMillen and asked why he didn't move to the U.S. and capitalize on his abilities. "You could make a fortune down here." But McMillen replies, "I'm not interested in all that." And, as he looks around his leafy front backyard in the peaceful Napa Valley countryside, his favorite pastime at his knee, his wife and daughter nearby, he radiates contentment. It takes no special "night" to see that. ◇

Letters

A question of taste

I wish to say that I read your magazine regularly and with enjoyment. However, I refer to an issue where I believe had taste was shown in irresponsibly following a story on the *African Tragedy* (Diane Nairn, Aug 4) of starvation with one on *Senegalese and the Lovers* in *Le Bary* (This Canada, Aug 4). After reading the two pages describing the many thousands of people starving in East Africa, it was a shock to turn the page and read about the dilemma of choosing between ice cream.

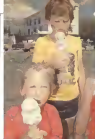
MICHAEL CAVARELLA
VANCOUVER

Having just opened up this week's copy of your magazine, I was rather horrified to see the juxtaposition of the story on the imminent famine in East Africa with the following article about millionaire Canadians having nothing better to do than feed their dogs with ice cream.

PAUL MCELLEMAN
TORONTO

To pay or play?

I think that it is very unfortunate that Canada's major symphony orchestras (and other performing arts organizations) should have to operate with heavy deficits and the threat of bankruptcy continually hanging over their heads. (Some Symphonies for the Symphonies, March, Aug 4). The debt of all of these organizations would be a drop in the bucket for the federal government. I agree that inefficiently managed organizations should not be officially supported. Nevertheless, dollar



Calgary: no dinner too difficult.
East Africa: do with by starvation.

for dollar, grants to labor-intensive arts organizations provide more employment than most government aid. If our orchestras are to continue to impress and gain more recognition throughout the world, it will be by devoting their dollar efforts to the making of music rather than the covering of the next paycheck.

JOHN ELKOTZ, THUNDERBAY, ONT.

Just in case . . .

Thank you for printing that extensive and thorough article on AIDS (Two Years Later: The Real News Gets Worse, Health, July 14). Anyone in Canada who thinks they may have been given AIDS during their pregnancy or anyone who thinks their mother may have been given AIDS while pregnant with them can get further information on finding out if they were not exposed by writing to: AIDS Action Network, Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040, U.S.A. Thank you on behalf of AIDS-exposed people in your country.

NANCY ADLER, PRESIDENT,
AIDS ACTION, NATIONAL, N.Y.

Olympian gods

Larry Woods is to be commended for so succinctly summarizing Canada's hypocritical stance on the Olympic boycott (The Olympics Show, Politics, July 20). Apparently it is all right to sell goods and buy cars from the Russians, but we can't contaminate ourselves through athletic competition. I would, however, take his article one step further. We must recognize that the Olympics are indeed dead, discredited by the assassinations at Munich and the corruption at Montreal.

JOHN A. TAYLOR,
LESLIE, ONT.

This is a letter to Larry Woods and all these other athletes who supported the government's boycott of the Summer Olympics. I can understand that you may be disappointed in the actions of your government in the days since you made your decision. All those points mentioned by Larry Woods disappoint me too, but that does not mean that you made the wrong decision. I still think you were right. If you had decided later you would have done so for yourself, but your decision to support the boycott was made for the people of Afghanistan and for your country. You have become for me not just sports heroes but thoughtful and considerate human beings, and I am far prouder of you now, knowing the sacrifice you made, than I would have been if every one of you had won a gold medal in Moscow. You did not "abdicat[e] your responsibility and truth," you demonstrated a singularly high degree of it. Thank you for representing my country.

JULIE LESTERHOPE,
LONDON, ONT.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Macdon's magazine, 411 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1A7.

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Judge and be judged

Upon reading the article *Choosing Discretion on Rape Charges*, Jan 26, I was amazed at the low level of intellect demonstrated by the all-male Supreme Court in the decision of *Renoja vs Papapanagos*. It is obvious to me that if a man can be found not guilty of rape because he "honestly believed" that the woman consented, conversely a woman could have a man charged and convicted on the grounds that she "honestly believed" she was raped. Further, I think it is impossible for a man to innocently believe that, because a woman is resisting sexual intercourse she desires to be raped.

SANDY PATTERSON
OILKINGTON, ONT

I am concerned about the statement "value judgments have no place in the law," which appeared in your Justice section. If value judgments do not determine what is legal or illegal, what does? The whims of the Supreme Court? Value judgments are the foundation of our law. The behavior of people should be protected from criminals and their actions is a value judgment, not a conclusion arrived at by reason. Without value judgments our laws become a meaningless set of rules that do not motivate the right and fight the wrong, but are merely a statute by which a government can keep its citizens in line.

R. R. GIBBSERRE
SOUTHAMPTON, ONT

Peggy Nissan doubtless has a true complaint against Chief Justice Bever Laskin but her language leaves me befuddled. She says "value judgments have no place in the law." But she has something to do with rights, law? (It's) And do we give ourselves rights to things that have no value? Far from having no place, value judgments seem to be right at the heart of law. The judge in this article fails to reason out because he made a value judgment, but because we don't see reason enough to agree with it.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK KRAETZEL
GARBE, QUE.

The labors of Caesar

Your article on caesarean birth brought back with children reality the memory of my own delivery—a memory that has faded little with the passing of time. After two normal deliveries I was apprehensive about the drug-induced labor suggested by my obstetrician. Nothing can describe the terror of my father-

gested husband and myself as, with only seconds to adjust, we faced the death of perhaps myself and the baby. Nor can anything describe the fearful pain, leaving me waiting for the next morphine shot and the dreadful fear of death as the nurse held my hand hour after hour after the caesarean. I neither saw nor asked to see my baby. This was all-encompassing. I want more children, but the fear of another caesarean is too much. Thank you for bringing this tendency to normalize caesarean deliveries to the attention of the public.

KATHERINE SHOOTON, OTTAWA

The current increase in obstetrical interventions described in your article *Doctor's Choice: Mother's Truama* (Medicine, July 28) certainly gives cause for concern. However, your somewhat sensational article implies caesarean births are exclusively painful and dangerous. A caesarean birth can be as joyful and positive experience and in spite of being major surgery does not necessarily involve severe pain and immobility. I have had two children by caesarean. The first order general anaesthetic, the second after the administration solely of an epidural. The two experiences were worlds apart. Convenience cutting with rewards is a disturbing phenomenon as long as the medical profession should be sure responsible and including members, and certainly the exposure of their practices is a valid function of responsible journalism. But rather than dwell solely on medical horror stories, let's also give credit and encouragement to progressive, considerate medical care.

AMERIE KAZAKI, OTTAWA

I must object to your scaremongering article on caesarean section deliveries. The only people truly qualified to judge the pain of a section are those who have experienced both labor and caesarean. As one who had 36 hours of labor, followed by a section, and then a second expected section, I can assure you that a caesarean is almost painless by comparison. It is also not true that sections are for rare situations. My grandmother was in labor for several days with her first child, and the baby died a few months later. My mother was in labor several days when I was born and she died two months later. Although she technically lived through childbirth, it was a major factor in her death. When I think of the mothers I never knew, when I consider my own two healthy caesarean children, when I think of all the brain-damaged children, I consider surgical deliveries a medical miracle.

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Act, enacted in 1979 but not yet generalized for parking offences, could eliminate that problem as early as next year. The familiar yellow tag under the windshield will be replaced by a notice that may look similar, but in fact will be a radically different document. Under the new act, the offender may sign the slip of guilty on the ticket and pay the fine within 15 days and read matters three. Or he may plead not guilty and request a trial, in which case a notice will be mailed stating time and place. If, however, the offender ignores the ticket, he will be convicted—in his absence and

without trial—by a provincial justice who has examined the ticket for completeness. This procedure will ensure the need for court appearances and for court appearances by law enforcement officers and will effectively erase the courts of parking offences. The new act "assumes that everything will go right," says Evans, "whereas current legislation assumes that everything may go wrong—that the offender may not use the ticket, for example, or that he may not receive the mailed offence notice."

But it isn't that simple. According to



Cadets with camerawomen: soon to be history

Ron Campbell, assistant administrator of the provincial courts in Toronto, under the problem of linking motorists irrevocably to their license plate numbers is solved, the parking offence part of the act won't be generalized. And, besides parking, there's another, only a few months, not a name, the new act, according to Campbell, "could seem to be a violation of citizens' rights," without accompanying changes in registration procedures because the penalty for nonpayment of fees under the act is non-renewal of automobile registration, the link between motorist and plate number is obviously crucial. When a vehicle is sold, says, for example, the plates remain with it, so that, under the act, a new owner could be nabbed on the basis of the previous owner's plates. "It shouldn't happen," says Campbell, "but it could, if change of the specific laws are not filed within the specific time or of the computer at the ministry of transport, which matches names to license numbers, is lagging." While, under the new act, a conviction may be repeated within 10 days after it comes to the attention of the person wrongfully convicted, more safeguards are necessary, according to Campbell, before the legislation can be implemented.

Critics doubt that even such safeguards will be good enough. "The entire Provincial Offences Act constitutes a violation of citizens' rights," says University of Toronto history professor W. H. Nelson. "This society is always on the verge of gross abuse of civil liberties. The same people who wish to support without trial to solve a bureaucratic problem are the ones who believe we don't need a bill of rights in this country because we all know what our rights are." And, as one disgruntled criminal lawyer put it, "75% of all parking offences is a matter for the courts at all." If a car's in the wrong place, tow the damn thing away and impose it until the owner pays the fine plus all costs. That would solve the problem in a hurry. —Ann Fitzgibbon

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AN EXERCISE IN FAILURE

Eleven men who let a nation down



By Robert Lewis, Ian Anderson and Roy MacGregor

The television show most missed by English viewers who complained about the CBC's govt-to-govt constitutional coverage was *The Edge of Night*. It was only slight consolation that political life seemed to indicate the way that didn't show. The highlight of last week's *Edge* episodes portrayed the wealthy Nadine Scott preparing to leave for London—not to visit the Queen, but to change her will and settle a family inheritance. Over tea, Nadine has a famous argument with her daughter (Dextrah), Nadine leaves, only to die in a flaming car crash.

The outcome of the constitutional show was only slightly less suited to it, what of the air last Saturday with no indications of a prompt return. "Canada will carry on," as MacRob's Sterling Loss observed at the final, gloomy round table. But the voyage to a peaceful removal of the federation was hitched, in a process dominated by closed minds

and big books. The history of Canada was not so much rewritten as re-interpreted during an extraordinary, at times mind-boggling, 27 hours of debate under hot lights. The problem in the end was that there were two texts—with entirely divergent purposes. In one, strong and arrogant regimes pursue their own priorities and identities to make the nation thrive. In the other, a central government with broader interests sets standards and helps the weak pull even with the handy *As Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau concluded, after blistering provincial attacks on his stance: "There are, indeed, two conceptions of Canada—and that is why we failed."*

The real loss in the impasse is that significant constitutional reform has been set back for years—if not for good. As one governor lamented privately: "We came here looking like the new Fathers of Confederation. But now it's starting to look like we might end up

as the Fathers of Destruction."

Ahead lies the uncertain prospect of an enormous and untold move by Ottawa to pursue the construction. Court challenges are likely from several provinces, almost certainly by the Quebec government (see story page 25). Trudeau may seek to skirt all that grief by appealing over the heads of proud, watchful provinces to "their" people in a national referendum. The probability could win the plebiscite, but his words on the night of the Quebec referendum could return to haunt the larger idea. "There is no one among us who has not suffered some wound."

Beyond the fix offering that, "I like the idea of a referendum," Trudeau wouldn't say what he plans to do next. Patriation of the constitution by year's end is "still my dream." But once only Ontario and New Brunswick support the idea, the symbolic act would be meaningless in the world of realpolitik.

Constitution 1980

Conference is serious; and (small) Laughlin and Peckford the problem in the end was that there were too big beds



Any changes to the distribution of power could be done, by 30-year-old men, only with the consent of all 11 governments—and there was no agreement about the 12 items on the table last week.

"The strategy," said Trudeau, "is in our mind—it's not on paper." The remark was an evident attempt to downplay the negative impact of the behind-the-scenes negotiations of the conference, on Aug. 30, MEMBERS OF THE ONLY strategy session to the cabinet meeting at Lake Louise. Although the document negotiated Macdonald, it anticipated a deadlock and laid out a scenario for unilateral action and an earlier return to Parliament. The Quebec delegates' lack of the sense provided the well of sentiment for an agreement. The daily analyses' suggestions for dividing resources for a subsequent (re)started the premiers, since it vividly portrayed how they were to be managed. "The linking of progress on economic issues to progress on resources has forced the western provinces to have to choose between the status quo on resources, which they knew was good for the federal government, and agreeing to make a concession to the federal government as economic union." In private sessions with Trudeau, the premiers would pretend to thumb through the 61-page document and inquire minutely, "What page are you on now, Pierre?"

The dirty dozen stumbling blocks

The leaders came, predominantly close to constitutional change or none. But in the long track war, there were too many traps to avoid, too many interests to guard. Here are the issues that deflected them.

Resource ownership and interprovincial trade. For Alberta and Saskatchewan was one of the chief reasons for coming to the conference. Their securing of resources is already secured in the DINA Act, they wanted broader guarantees. The conflict pits provincial nationalist rights against federal power over interprovincial and international trade in these resources. Ottawa offered promises the right to impose indirect taxes on resources, and shared authority over interprovincial trade with federal participation. The provincial reply was good enough.

Power over the money. Ottawa's strategy was to grant concessions on resource ownership only in return for provincial accession to a Canadian "economic union" with federal power over interprovincial trade and resources. Trudeau wanted to solve a distinction: their against out-of-province buyers of

land, say, or holders of jobs. The province bought the principle of economic union but refused to embrace it in a constitution, where it would be enforceable.

Communications. Trudeau wanted to turn over control of phone companies and broadcasting to the provinces, but was refused to broadcast. The provinces, looking to centralization as a tool to promote local culture, wanted more power over programming from an upper house.

A new apex house. A chamber representing provincial powers only has been heavily promoted by Premier Bill Bennett to help overcome B.C.'s "feelings of resentment" from the Ottawa power center. But a 30-member council of the provinces, advised by federal and provincial ministers, was never. Rejected at the conference with Trudeau's objecting to the absence of federal opposition on the issue.

Supreme Court. General agreement all round that because the highest court settles jurisdiction disputes between federal and provincial governments, the provinces should have a voice in appointments. One of the most contentious last week. But there was no agreement on the number of judges to be appointed or how many to be drawn from the civil law system of Quebec. **Peace law.** Trudeau offered powers over force to the provinces. Macdonald

times appears to forget premier's names and evinces no sense of humor about backroom political maneuvering. He grew up in sheltered, holy Quebec. Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan works in the sewing berth at the Sydney Steel plant. Trudeau undoubtedly grows impatient with some of the meanderings and first-minister are of the provincial leaders. They routinely say "I" and "mine" instead of talking about rights and opportunities of the people of their province. They paint such a dark portrait of Ottawa it sounds like the federal government has never done anything right.

While their public debates offered moments of eloquence and wisdom, few important shifts in position were made during the first three days. With no hard agreement on any issue, the first ministers adjourned the conference centre Thursday evening, intent on deal-making in the privacy of St. James Drive. "Let's get out of here," an impatient Trudeau murmured into his microphone. There died, and the premiers hammered out their "Ultimate consensus" over breakfast next morning in the Château Laurier suite. A sad and angry Bill Davis, of Ontario, vowed the new pact would be made with words and actions.



Trudeau after failure: a different voice

consensus. "There was consensus on everything having their reservations." The premiers' package attempt to pry economic concessions from Trudeau before offering agreement on Trudeau's "people package" to Quebec's René Lévesque knew, the fact that the premiers' packages made no mention of human rights was alone enough to do so. Saskatchewan's Allan Rockwell and New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, who offered minimal support to the "consensus," had hoped legislation to the provinces' autonomy.



and Prince Edward Island said "No thanks!" Manitoba's Sterling Lyon opposes any move toward creating a divorce bureau for shelter from maintenance or custody orders. Provinces already have jurisdiction over marriage.

Fishing. Provincial demands to share federal control over ocean fish stocks were weakened by Nova Scotia's argument that control should stay with Ottawa. The provinces took the federal offer of island fisheries and of "selective species" like daisies and oysters. But there was no deal.

Ottawa resources. Newfoundland's Brian Peckford, backed with varying

by the province, Ontario, New Brunswick and Manitoba could take the lead, and be followed by Quebec. If Liberal leader Claude Ryan deflected Lévesque. Predictably, Trudeau moved the most proposals Friday morning when he met the premiers privately. Barring down the list, he assigned a term "no deal" to each item. Any spirit of compromise had withered. Laid softly to rest were: Bennett, Newfoundland's Brian Peckford, Alberta's Peter Lougheed, Lyon and Lévesque. Trudeau's attempt to prove that his Liberal party has historical roots in the West, using statistics from the time of Macdonald King and Lester B. Laquer, was met with silence. "We said, 'are you trying to tell four western premiers that you understand the West?'" recalled Lyon.

Toward the meeting further, Laughlin sought assurances from Trudeau that the federal government would not impose any kind of Alberta's savings. Trudeau would give no such assurance, even though it was clear Laughlin might offer some concessions in return. With Alberta's aid supply declines, Laughlin had come to Ottawa in part to insist on a major oil and gas tax. "It's been a cold case over heads for months," said a source, "the economic situation itself, the shorter is one of Trudeau's two main conditions for a new constitution. In the meantime, sympathy for attracting so-called democratic rights (mailing, elections at least every five years), less for minority-language rights, least support for extending legal rights like the process of guaranteeing the 100th anniversary of the Statute of Westminster. Saskatchewan's Allan Rockwell, and others, argued rights are better left to legislators than judges. But for Trudeau, national unity requires that Quebecers feel secure that their language is protected across the country.

Education and spending formula. With provincial consent or not, Trudeau wants the constitution home by Christmas. René Lévesque promises to accept any terms in return for a constitution. The provinces' amending formula would have permitted constitutional change with the approval of Parliament and seven provinces with at least half the national population. Trudeau said no because four Atlantic provinces, with just 39 per cent of the population, could block amendment.

Provinces. Meant to be inspirational and innocuous, this sparked one of the most divisive debates. To Trudeau, Canada is a union of people, to Lévesque, a union of provinces with the right to leave. There was no agreement on terms.

Charter of rights. With the saving of

John Hay

Constitution 1980

some criticisms from fellow premiers, Lougheed chose to show the independent left wing, knowing full well he would be leading the resource-rich provinces in the impending pricing battle with Trudeau this fall—for him a more important battle.

The week's largest potential loser was the one with the least to gain—Peckford. His only major demand, control of off-shore resources, was one Trudeau rejected utterly. His fellow premiers, Davis and Buchanan, escaped unscathed, as did his support, though some, such as Blakey, did so more out of political compassion than ideological sympathy. "You couldn't leave Peckford out in the cold," said an Alberta delegate. "It's stand for all [the premiers]."



said Bennett, "I will stand for you of them." Bismuth of that school of Peckford's stand, control of offshore resources because the simple ones defend them to deal with, said many officials.

Trudeau's only ally in the West left Ottawa unhappy and frustrated. Blakey, felt he had not been given enough weapons to win the war, though his vision of Ottawa's role lay closer to Trudeau's. Trudeau showed scant appreciation for Blakey's role as the lowest back. Blakey tried and failed in a last-minute effort to bring Peckford into Trudeau's camp by proposing changes in the National Energy Board that would give Newfoundland advantages in hydroelectricity in return for movement on off-shore resources. The deal failed in the grim atmosphere of the 80-minute meeting Friday night at Trudeau's estate. Without any agreement from Trudeau, the premiers then adjourned to Ryan's estate in a last-ditch effort to reach a compromise on a governing formula. "There were trying to salvage something of appearance, if not substance," an official explained. They could not get any agreement.

As far as the premiers were con-

vinced, the week began on it already here—handshakes all around. But already there were signs. "Hello, Brian," Trudeau said to the greeted the Newfoundland premier at the Sunday night dinner. "I thought I'd send a work permit to shake your hand." Three days later, following an assessment of continuing tensions with the prime minister, Peckford sat over tea with a medium-term streak in the Chateau Laurier's Canadian Grill, shook his head and announced that he, and perhaps some other premiers, had been "a bit naive" in thinking they could come to Ottawa respecting everyone to be happy in good faith.

But that was but one of several pre-conceived notions which changed last week in Ottawa. The premiers arrived as stereotypes. Sterling Loya, the size and imagination of a field marshal, Bill Bennett, the crybaby, Peter Lougheed, the bully, Bill Davis, the teacher's pet, René Lévesque, the know-nothing. But few of their ideas held up. Lougheed was seen the muted voice of western reason, the welcome calm before the booming energy storm Loya joined Blakey as the most articulate

arguer for provincial rights. Seen as drawn, this constitutional conference suffered a plot that was twisted and difficult to follow. When Lougheed made reference to *The Star* during a Tuesday break, it was an understandable comparison. There were deals in the air, as there had to be the various, however, were suffering identity crises. Saskatchewan had said in Ottawa hoping to work out some way



Original Fathers of Confederation (left) and (above) Blakey (Ontario) and Hurlbut, they routinely say "I and mine"

in international trade. British Columbia wanted a new upper house. Nova Scotia was anxious that fisheries remain at federal hands, leaving its and industry would be safer with Ottawa than it would if Newfoundland gained its desired "shared jurisdiction." There would be trade-offs and bargains. "This work is not a magic wand," Peckford said on Monday. Nor was it to be magical. Blakey optimistically predicted as many as six of the 12 agenda questions would be settled.

Then, however, they discovered the deals were also in the script, contained in the now-infamous federal strategy document. There would be agreement, but if there was not agreement, the federal officials would manipulate the conference "to show that disagreement leading to unilateral federal action is the result of an irresponsibly unbalanced process or, at the transgression of the provincial governments, and not the fault of the federal government." In the shiny, slippery black-and-white photographs, the deals were laid out in Alberta as resource ownership by creating a compromise with Saskatchewan on international trade; demonstrate the

Purgatory and 'the Pope'

It is become racing the week. Super-leader can sound a note of nothing vanilla in his corner. Premier René Lévesque's youngest cabinet member, Claude Charbon, played hockey from constitutional politics. Thursday he stridest back the capital's Robur Oval and confide the Quebec delegation's true objective. "Time—we need time," he Saturday, the Parti Québécois government had gained that time in the shape of an excellent excuse to avoid facing an anticipated provincial election this fall and an almost inevitable fall from power. Instead, Lévesque can call Quebec to arms, recent a legal portable which against any unilateral ac-



cept by the federal government to retrieve Canada's unified constitution from the hands of Westminster and argue that Quebecers must not now have their differences in another campaign setting assessments against federalists.

All Quebec political parties have historically retained patriotism of the British North America Act before the province's powers are easily expanded, and even Liberal Opposition leader Claude Ryan does not side with Trudeau of Ottawa. But Lévesque has a more partisan reason for delaying an election. Montreal's autocratic but venerated Mayor Jean Drapeau is being lured to lead the northwestern Union Nationale party, whose spasm of near-life in 1976 split the pro-federalist vote and directly resulted in election of the Parti Québécois government. Drapeau's motivation surprises some election; he is reputed to resent history years of editorializing by the supercilious Ryan and, according to Parti Québécois insiders, is willing to play the spoiler against the former newspaper editor and publisher if Lévesque gives him the winner to rally an election machine.

Lévesque and Drapeau are not alone in their desire to keep Ryan in the pelt and wilderness, as distinct from Ryan's conception of a new Canada were Tro-



Trudeau and Lévesque (officer) and party Drapeau and Ryan (officer) standing the national meeting over the 80 years

deau and the English-Canadian premiers last week that Ryan said they would have to start from scratch once he is elected. The enmeshing federal strategy document, leaked in credit conference, describes Ryan's vision of a radically decentralized union to be unacceptable to Ottawa and, during the summer's double-door negotiating sessions, federal Justice Minister Jean Chrétien rebuffed Ryan as the "Pope" and described as "purge" the forced alliance of federal and provincial Liberals during the referendum campaign.

Now, there may be more than purgatory to pay for federalist promises made during that campaign and apparently reneged upon last week. Warred the federal battle plan. "The reform needs to be more than symbolic; it should be perceived as genuine in order to satisfy the underlings made by the prime minister and the premiers during the Quebec referendum campaign." The focus of federalist hopes last May was a majestic Trudeau proclamation in an east-end Montreal arena about days before the vote. "I can make a quiet and sincere commitment that following a 'no' vote we will immediately take action to renew the constitution and we will not stop until we have done that." By the end of last week's conference it was evident that Trudeau's renewal meant little more for Quebec than the promises of French-language rights outside the province, so the recognition of Quebec's distinct cultural personality that once Quebecers, separatist and federalist alike, consider an essential mission. Trudeau's admission Saturday that his referendum promise "was not

specific in very clear areas," seemed to acknowledge the betrayed belief of Quebecers that he had at last moved closer to the prevailing feeling that Quebec alone can sustain a strong French society. Though battered by a decade of fallow and lawsuits, Trudeau again hailed out his dream of pan-Canadian bilingualism as the country's only salvation.

"We have no province which is essentially English-speaking. We had that for a long, long while. The question is, 'Do we continue to reinforce that kind of Canada?' If so, there's no doubt in my mind, and I don't think on many of my minds, that we will end up with two Canadas."

Ironically, the English-speaking premiers did show remarkable acceptance of the need to recognize Canada's cultural duality and there was peace from unexpected quarters. For Lévesque's enmeshing of his referendum defeat, René Lévesque's Sterling Loya. The premier of Quebec has spoken openly and honestly and with a realistic effort to accommodate the other parts of Canada—and his's spoken in good faith. Loya, said correctly, Lévesque was entitled for not being tough enough on Quebec's behalf by men other than former Liberal premier Robert Bourassa. "Quebec didn't pass on the extremely important cultural matters. We have to write in the differences now because in a few years Quebec won't be as strong, our population is dropping. Lévesque has weakened Quebec."

Through it all, English Canada's leaders let helplessly watching as it becomes clear that their good intentions can do little to reconcile Trudeau and Quebec's provincial politicians.

David Thomas, with files from Anne Byrne

Constitution 1980

"apparent generosity" of the federal government regarding ownership of off-shore resources by dumping a dead tin can within the 12-mile limit—"This proposal would be of very special interest to British Columbia." And on and on and on.

Buchanan sighed on Tuesday and wondered if the conference wasn't already "a preordained exercise in futility," and yet—even with the provisions in the game plan—it still worked to some extent. Wednesday saw the pre-

A nice round of applause for ...

There were times last week when the deluge of debate from Canada's first ministers threatened to drown even the healthiest curiosity about our constitution, and our future, in a torrent of lawyerly prose. For countless thousands who tuned in to the national teach-in, countless others tuned out after a few sizzling hours. But there were moments that transcended boredom. And of the talks that others occasionally got confusing, people at least learned a thing or two about the men that run the country.

To keep with William Dawson, Ontario's powerful premier, does have a sense of humor. Usually unapologetically blunt, Dixon cracked up the meeting last Thursday when he suggested that if "the premiers met Sunday they'd have to set aside an hour for church." "I said that just to ease my mother's watching," Mr. Premier blurted, "and the election-browed premier, used boots. But the rest of the time Dixon was courteous and conciliatory—trying not to offend anti-biblicism red-necks in his province and at the same time trying not to appear as a Canadian.

New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, described as a "uke" by some of his political colleagues and considered by the press a great source of leaks—also kept an eye on a looming provincial election as he played in the concertos of work. But he would change and a whisper—then rumour at home, Hatfield tried, in Ottawa, is by statements. And while he degenerated into weakness by week's end, he also rose to challenge earlier with appeals on behalf of French-Canadian and Anglo-American—speech board to win him friends among New Brunswick's large English-speaking.

Meanwhile, Newfoundland's Brian Peckford ended up reading Peter Loughoff's script. While the Alberta premiere remained unexpectedly mellow

more launch their best attack of the week, on Trudeau's deeply-held "non-negotiable" charter of human rights. Knowing that nothing would serve Trudeau better than this motherhood issue to go to Parliament, or even to the people on, they stultified it anyway, though not entirely without immediate regret. "Sense of us, including myself," Blakey mused on Saturday's close, "may have been less combative than the circumstances required."

One of the week's most passionate ar-

gameplay was the tangle between Trudeau and Pickford over Newfoundland's ownership of offshore resources. No one seriously expected the federal position to cave in, but it was also quickly clear that Pickford would not back off. "We have no mandate to compromise our ineligibility to the constitution," he argued. But Trudeau showed no interest whatsoever in compromise with Pickford's unambiguous definition of oil: "This is got to take a step backward."

By the end of the week, with the cost-



How's Scott's/Premier John Buchanan hears the Ottawa line from cabinet secretary Michael Kiley. "Takes a car, but..."

ference in tatters and the country weak with overload, the premiers were anxious to save something from a perfect

The same could not be said about the heart of the problem—two strands, one

Slaterky defined them: "One, constitutional renewal for Canada; the other, the continuing contest for the hearts and minds of the people of Quebec. In that latter contest," he went on, "nothing offered was enough and nothing demanded was too much. Until there is some resolution of that contest, success will continue to elude us." That has not changed since the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Last Saturday was its 221st anniversary. In Ottawa, it went un-

With Mrs. Irene Carol Brewster, John Hay, Sam
Mather, Susan Eddy, and David Thomas

Saskatchewan

A little too little help from the federal friends

When the University of Minnesota economist David Kraft projected last week that the 1996 Prairie drought could cost the Canadian economy \$2.5 billion, the figure meant little to most Canadians. But cattleman George Hempel, 53, running a herd of 300 Hereford and Simmental, 1,000 head of registered Angus and 1,000 small-cattle figure his personal share of the loss at \$200,000. Last year his grew a \$50,000 grain crop plus enough hay to feed his livestock, but the lack of moisture this spring has meant Hempel's hay crop will feed only 40 head this winter. The remaining cattle will eat this year's grain crop plus enough \$200,000 worth of hay to live to the next year. Total cost: \$50,000 lost income and \$200,000 additional expense.

\$10,000. "What it really amounts to," he says, "is not too-darned much."

Though the two-month-old program is already in its third reorganization, some farmers don't yet know if they even qualify. The initial idea was to pay producers living within designated drought areas on the basis of decreased crop yields. But now, when the United States House of Representatives' House of Representatives would be calculated on the amount of precipitation instead of grain production—but the government has still not released a map of the officially recognized drought areas. And when advertisements for the program appeared in late August, some producers were shocked to discover the animals on their farms were not eligible for the program—\$50 a head (instead of \$70). The \$30 doesn't even pay for the travel in the states," says a House panel

Was it not for summer rains that followed the June drought and alleviated livestock feed shortages somewhat, a disastrous mass slaughter of the Prairie band might have occurred? "God has seen come through a lot better,"

Cableman Hemond: 'The \$35 doesn't even pay for the wine in the hotel'



from the government has," says Christine Nils, secretary of the Canadian Children's Association. However, Argue has confessed simply that "nothing compares a drought like this," and the otherwise welcome water left Ottawa's relief program in the lurch. An Ontario-based relief agency, the Canadian Relief Eugene Whelan (who had Prairie reporters based and flown in to Yerkins July 3 to hear him announce the bonanza) now find themselves administering a 100 million drought-aid plan that it appears few extensions will qualify for. Herpel (whose wife is looking for an off-lim job to help subsidize the operation) says it will be a long time before the drought will be over. But he says that he and his wife are in a good mood for getting on.

Edward Gross

Nova Scotia

Guess who's still coming to dinner

Eight hours after leaving their home in East Rutherford, N.J., Michel and Michael Tomasek hit the road in a home-cooked Nova Scotia dinner in a community centre at Gaspeaux (pop. 307), five km from Wolfville in the Annapolis Valley. In the white-framed former schoolhouse overlooking apple orchards and grazing cattle, they, and 45 other American tourists, ate cranberry-glazed baked chicken, chafed with jalapeño and sang Atlantic ditties in a get-to-know-Nova-Scotia evening that Michael, 71, thought a happy change from restaurant fare. But the mood didn't get as down as well with local residents, some of whom are wary of such American fast-food chains as McDonald's and Burger King.

Three years ago the dinner, which are held twice a week all summer, were little more than an idea in the mind of David Chasing, owner of Evangelina's, where most of the Sanborn foodies hang out. Chasing had heard that tourists want two things: authentic food and a chance to talk with locals in a community atmosphere. With the blessing of Gasparera village elders, Chasing and his wife, Nancy, sold each \$3,000 into returning the community to its roots, kind of food fests—only with a twist. Instead of just food, Chasing and his wife began peddling their "Down East home-cooked country meals" to Ararat's local companies. The package includes after-dinner entertainment (the cook also plays the *Armenian* and leads a sing-song) and local people who sit at each table to answer questions. The idea was to give the community a boost and, due to 2,000 meals at \$12 per dinner be-

The Night of the Generals

The volatility of the Middle East was heavily underscored last week. First, two of the area's most influential Arab states, Libya and Syria, announced that they were to invade, then, a mere 30 hours later, Turkey's generals seized power, as they put it, to fight against "terrorism, dissenters and communists, Jewish and Jewish religious ideologies." Maclean's intervention of the Lebanon-Syria union to lay Middle East analyst Charles Wright (see box), who also contributed to its Turkish coverage provided by Martin McDougal (from Damascus), Andrew Borenstein (based in the Turkish zone of Cyprus) and David Fouquet (HQ in Brussels).



General Evren (above), military colleagues (right); and General (right below) jointly rule



shadows of the big trees in the parks. The normally jammed waters of the Golden Horn were empty except for Turkish Navy patrol and the dark hulls of a Soviet submarine which had surfaced at this troubled juncture between Asia and Europe with uneasy neutrality.

Tourists found themselves confined to their hotels by post-surrender soldiers who went so far as to pose for instant photos, bayonets in hand. Most shaken up were the 1,600 delegates, including a few Canadians, to the 7th World Conference of Earthquake Engineers currently being held in Istanbul, a city that has suffered centuries of seismic rumblings of a nonpolitical kind.

The Turkish high command's decision to seize power followed no fewer than four formal warnings to leading politicians this year. The last such, intensely labeled *The Accommodators of the Military Commanders*, was handed on July 25 to Demirel and Ecevit. It included demands for a drastic revision of the constitution, a change in the electoral system and for more law for the armed forces in fighting terrorism. A subsequent dinner given

by Acting President Turgut Ersoy (captioned), Ersoy reportedly berated the two politicians for "putting party politics above the interests of the nation," and presented an ultimatum: "Co-operate or face military take-over."

The decision to act, postponed until the Polish crisis had calmed the generals felt it would be inappropriate to move while there was a chance of Soviet intervention there, was precipitated by several events. Among these was the seizure on a Marxist "Day 50" (revolutionary left) terrorist of a 400 of military and political figures played for assassination (the list included Demirel and Ecevit) by the Demirel government that Soviet agents had incited their infiltration of labor unions, coupled with reports of the landing of weapons on the poorly patrolled Black Sea coast, and most important of all, a series of Islamic rallies during which supporters of the National Salvation Party (NSP) of Necmettin Erbakan, at week's end in semi-erotic

It was a late September afternoon as the ferry boat Yasar plied the Bosporus, its cargo of tourists gawking at its head behind, reclining in bathing suits on the bank, gazing at its beside luxury yachts in the fading autumn sun. The headlines that had screamed of Turkey's slow slide into chaos several light-years away "Despite terrorism and martial law, the country still carries on," assured the official guide. "Twice in the past the army has had to intervene, but I doubt very much it will happen again. Democracy is too firmly implanted there."

It was with a certain astonishment that the same sightseers awoke next morning under a sinister sky in Istanbul, that they had to take them to marvel at the Byzantine dome of the church of Santa Sophia, a quadrangle of armored cars and jeeps beneath their hotel windows in Taksim Square. At 3 a.m. last time Prime Minister Turgut Ersoy did not succumb to the few who had been warned to leave that the army chief-of-staff, General Kenan Evren, 68, had taken power, forming a National Security Council (NSC) with four other powers: Ecevit, the outgoing prime minister, and Turgut Ersoy, abolishing the two houses of parliament, dissolving local unions of the extreme right and left and detaining three of the leaders of Turkey's major political parties, including Premier Süleyman Demirel and his opposition predecessor, Bülent Ecevit, reported held in a remote military base near Gaziören, "for their own security."

As dawn broke, the normal chaos of Istanbul ground to a ghastly, curfewed still. The streets resembled except for tanks and machine-gun-toting soldiers lurking at each intersection and in the



Tank in Ankara, slated for assassination.

on the Argentin island of Gennadi, cleared for a "truly Islamic state" (The Turkish military are deeply committed to the principle of secularism.)

But by the time the army moved, the real story of the coup had already taken place in Washington. At 7 a.m. last Wednesday, the Turkish air force commander, General Talat Bulut, was taking scrambled eggs at the Pentagon with General David Jones, the chairman of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff. The talk turned about the Turkish air force, NATO plans for Greece and Turkey's civil service. At 8 a.m. Sabri-

kyas saluted and slipped aboard his helicopter to begin the long flight home. Less than 30 hours after his arrival, he and his fellow officers ordered in the troops.

The White House has said that President Jimmy Carter first learned of the coup after it was over—the news came in the theatre in Washington watching *Fiddler on the Roof*. Jones has said emphatically that he was not told at his breakfast meeting with Bulut, that a coup was imminent. But Bulut says it did need to be kept in the air. He said the Pentagon already knew that preparations for the take-over were under way. They knew it because, under



Khadafi (left) and Assad, despite the game

specialist standards at Damascus. In some ways it is easier to decide what the army is not about. Political rivals of the sort are not uncommon in the Arab world—Libya has had with Egypt and Tunisia, Syria with Egypt and Iraq—but this is the first time Libya has indicated such a move with Syria and Iraq. It is a move to break the deadly rift between the Arab world—with Algeria, South Yemen and the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO)—of the French-backed Front, a tactical alignment of hard-line anti-Israeli states within the Arab League. But Syria has been able to drive the others even closer together. There is no gulfed connection, and although Libya provides financial aid to Syria, it is a pally compared to Saudi Arabia and Iraqi contributions.

Libya needs military allies if it is to break 4 in a potential border fight with Egypt—then Algeria would be more useful than Syria. It is a plan to eventually tie the Arab world with Israel as if Syria to see what Libya could offer Egypt. The latter has already received from the Soviet Union.

An Israeli piece in an Arab puzzle?

On Jan. 12, 1974, with much better than Syria, Turgut Ersoy declared his "Islamic state" in a week. Turgut Ersoy declared the country's president's election. It was a mistake. It was very likely Khadafi's greatest mistake. It was very likely Khadafi's greatest mistake. It was very likely Khadafi's greatest mistake.

Libyan leader Muammar Khadafi's new proposal for union with Syria, accepted by Hafez al-Assad, the Syrian president, in a ceremony in Tripoli last week, at a time of tension and Assad, a much laughter man playing a more diplomatic role, gave of him. In the past, he had been a man of war.

So far few details have been revealed. They may well have been secret. Khadafi and Assad were, carried to avoid specifics. But both men are far too Machiavellian to leave breath on a momentary gust. So revealing what lies behind the pact is an intriguing puzzle, won by the high con-

spiracy. It is a plan to eventually tie the Arab world with Israel as if Syria to see what Libya could offer Egypt. The latter has already received from the Soviet Union.

Moreover, what has been responsible for increased attempts of weaponry to Libya from Syria after the past year's move that Syria military cooperation would add security to Libya's military situation. It is a plan to eventually tie the Arab world with Israel as if Syria to see what Libya could offer Egypt. The latter has already received from the Soviet Union.

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It is after that has extended U.S. hostility and exposed to an emboldened Arab world Khadafi's previous courting of the Carter administration. At home, Khadafi may get even a need for a shot at revolutionary administration to counter the general disaffection.

Assad's problems are legion. Urban communities are suffering from violent strikes between Syrians and their Lebanese neighbors. Protests by groups have been on polarizing public opinion against Assad's move. It is to the government the Assad said is known as the New Syria, and from the left, the Syrian counter-revolution of the army and the Syrian state. The special forces commanded by Assad's brother, Rifaat. In the past year, hundreds of people have been killed.

Besides distracting people at home, Assad may also have wanted to flummox his host at neighboring Iraq. Following last year's abortive anti-regime fight against between the two countries has been high, and last month each side expelled the other's embassies. There is a limit, however, to the amount of damage Syria and Iraq will attempt to inflict on each other. They are not so much enemies as they are rivals. The last in the past year, hundreds of people have been killed.

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Military checkpoint in Istanbul, and soldier co-guard virtually impossible for forces to move without NATO's knowledge

the joint U.S.-Turkish defense pact, Turkish military command respect the NATO channels which are relayed and monitored by American military personnel. All useful intelligence is referred to the National Security Agency and the Pentagon in Washington.

In addition, the NATO exercise "Aval Egeus 89" had been scheduled to commence in western Turkey the day before the coup, and it would have been totally impossible for the nationwide movement of Turkish forces, necessary to put the coup into effect, to have

happened without NATO and American commanders knowing about it.

And so, when Salukoyas called on Jeon, he believed the Americans knew what was up. The purpose was that not to say what by then needed no mention, but rather to find out whether Jeon would volunteer any objections to the move. When Jeon said nothing—Salukoyas had met the day before with General Lee Allen, chief of the U.S. Air Force staff, who was equally silent—Salukoyas was able to carry back the message to his fellow junta members

the U.S. was flouting the green light. There was then little surprise, rather a degree of official relief, to go along with the pious hopes for restoration of democracy when the military at Fıgıy Bordon (the location of the Pentagon) and at NATO headquarters in Brussels learned the news from Ankara.

In fact, the most striking thing about last week's upheaval—Turkey's third coup in 20 years—was the swiftness and ease with which it was executed. As one local newspaper put it in Istanbul: "It's not much of a change. We already

had martial law. They just took it a little farther." Indeed, the Night of the Generals came as no surprise after nearly a year of political tremors since limited martial law was declared 22 months ago, with an average of a dozen political assassinations a week and three governments in 36 months.

And at week's end—although arrests of suspected terrorists continued and three newspapers, including *Aydinlik*, which had opened in an ongoing right-wing extremism, were closed—life seemed to be returning to normal. Some of the arrested parliamentarians were reported being set at liberty, airports, ports and frontier posts were reopened and curfew restrictions eased.

Most important for the generals, in view of Turkey's \$17 billion debt (it is the world's biggest bankrupt), Carter was quick to let it be known that the coup would not affect the \$2.2 billion emergency aid (plus \$200 million in military credits) already pledged by the U.S. But as the Turkish military has discovered before, repression is a country of Turkey's size and diversity (40 million people) in unpopular and inefficient. In the 30 provinces where military rule has been enforced already this year, there has been no check to the deterioration of political conflict into civil war. More than 2,000 people have been killed since January. Repression

cannot make the trains run on time and it is unlikely to pay off the country's debts. It will certainly do nothing to alleviate the poverty, unemployment, inflation and corruption that are the root causes of Turkish frustration.

Great Britain

Keeping an Eye on scandal

The party was over. The candles had melted into stubs and the apartment of British surgeon Richard Armit and his wife, Penny, was filled with the stench of stale cigarette smoke and alcohol. It was around 4:30 a.m. on May 20, 1979, in Jewish when Penny Armit says she made her way across the shuddering bodies of guests and onto the balcony of the sixth-floor apartment to watch the sunrise. Then she looked down and saw a horrifying spectacle. On the ground lay the body of Helen Smith, a 34-year-old British nurse. Nearby, impaled on a railing, was Helen's best friend, Dutch sea captain Johannes Otten. Both were clad only in underpants around the knees. They had been guests at the Armit's all-night party and, from appearances, had fallen



Private Eye's cover: public boggling

off the balcony while making love. But the affair did not end there. As more details were ascribed in the following months, a smoldering emerged involving wife-snapping, drunkenness and, possibly, gang-rape and murder among British expatriates. Last week, speculation reached a high point as

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two British diplomats involved in the affair were being brought to London for questioning.

At first, the case had seemed straightforward. The Arnolds were arrested by Saudi police and later questioning, Penny Arnold, 32, confessed to having been in bed with a New Zealander at the time. Later she retracted, claiming that she had invented the story to prove she could have known nothing about the deaths.

Rhodes Arnold was sentenced to 80 lashes for supplying alcohol and one year in prison for allowing his wife to cohabit with other men. Penny and the New Zealander were sentenced to 80 lashes each. But the prospect of British aid and military help led to the foreign office in London and, last month, after heavy diplomatic pressure, the Arnolds were freed and deported.

There the case might have closed had it not been for the sighting of Helen's father, Sam Smith, a diarist who was said to be likely to bring her daughter's body. His suspicions were aroused by multiple bruises on Helen's face, and by the refusal of the Saudi pathologist to show him the autopsy report. Then the British community slammed up, condemning him that a cover-up was in progress. He returned to Britain, certain that his daughter had been murdered.

Smith was not the only one investigating the case. Britain's muckraking satirical fortnightly *Private Eye* published a series of highly detailed allegations about the affair. Helen, who babysat for the Arnolds, had been Arnold's mistress, the *Eye* alleged. The arrangement apparently had the approval of Penny, a columnist's bored daughter who hated Saudi Arabia and amused herself with extramarital activity. Helen's diary apparently revealed details of her love affair with Arnold. What's more, the *Eye* alleged, the British diplomat relied on the scores on the morning of May 20, Vice-Consul Gordon Kirby, now recalled, had been seen involved in an embrace with Penny Arnold at another party. The magazine also charged that the investigations were hampered by Britain's intelligence chief in Saudi Arabia, Colonel Murray de Klerk, whose wife had been served from dinner by Arnold. The *Eye's* revelations Helen had been raped and beaten up by a group of German doves at the party and her body had been thrown over the parapet. Others had been killed because he was a witness.

The foreign office took the unusual step of formally denying that Kirby had known the Arnolds or that there had been a cover-up. But the British press was not convinced. As one daily put it last week: "The foreign office, from Lord Carrington downwards, has a lot to explain."

IAN MATHER

Poland

Moscow lends a helping hand

For a Russian bear accustomed to throwing its weight around, the mere smother of communism's Soviet chief Leonid Brezhnev last week abandoned threats against Poland's fledgling worker revolution in favor of sweeteners which include the promise of emergency food shipments and a \$800 million hard-currency loan which would permit Warsaw to purchase goods from the West that the strained Soviet economy was unable to supply.

In doing so, Brezhnev appeared to acknowledge—as Poland's oscillatory bosses had done before him—that the strikers who had held the system in ransom, to win the Communist world's first independent trade unions, had had just cause. But the offer of Soviet aid, announced after a three-day visit to the

invovated system. University teachers and students lined up to disrupt education at the start of the academic year in early October in order to obtain such a board of prizes as an honored schoolbooks and the right to form non-Communist student associations. "For once the wind is with us," a leading science professor told *Moscow's*.

While that threat will hardly cause a steel-nerved former security chief like Kania to lose much sleep—the student riot could counter by postponing the opening of the schools. There is a danger that student unrest will surface when ordinary Poles are beginning to grow angry over what are expected to be inevitable government deions in housing, the bread-and-butter. Indeed, Warsaw made to ease the industrial workers back to the job. Such coincidence of grievances of the mind and belly could spell big trouble.

That Kania's battle will be uphill all the way was evident last week as thousands of workers continued to clamor for membership in Poland's new free trade unions. At the Mosk Hotel in



Krasinski by a Polish economic team headed by Deputy-Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, was not meant solely to soothe the Polish September with kindness. It was also aimed at reducing the country's financial dependence on the West and at winning the trust for Moscow, and Poland's new boss, Stanislaw Kania, to get a grip on events.

In an attempt to do just that, Kania made lightning visits last week to Gdansk and Katowice, the industrial capitals most shaken by the crisis. As well, a television address to the nation on Thursday was rated by most Poles as straightforward and impressive. But as he spoke, a flicker of unease seemed to permeate the venerable halls of Poland's

Kania (left), Brezhnev (above left) with Jagielski, winning him for Moscow

Gdansk, where he had set up shop, organizer Lech Walesa claimed that 90 per cent of the five million industrial workers on the Baltic coast had signed up. Dissident sources said that half the workers at Warsaw—which was hardly touched by the strikes—went to quit the old union for the new. The Gdansk figures were disputed by Mieczyslaw Genczowski, deputy head of the official unions. But he had to admit that his membership was deserving little "bank notes flowing to the richest pocket"—a Polish way of saying that leaving succeeded life success.

Peter Lewis

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Canada's hope goes crashing



By William Lowther

The problem-plagued F-18⁺ fighter plane, on which Canada is basing its defense strategy for the next 20 years, was grounded indefinitely late last week after one of the 13 experimental craft had so far crashed in Britain. Immediately a closed session of an investigative committee of Congress called for a hold on all funds allocated for further research until the plane's many design deficiencies were sorted out. And an official of McDonnell Douglas (the maker), the U.S. Navy (McDonnell Douglas' partner in the venture) and British air safety authorities conducted a secret investigation, then were allegations of a cover-up from the Washington office of House Committee on Armed Forces, a longtime F-18 opponent.

The doubts centered not only on the reliability of the engine, but on what caused the crash and the extraordinary activities of British police in keeping the public from the scene. A 13-year-old boy who took pictures of the wreckage had his cameras smashed by a policeman who promptly exposed the film. "There are a great many mysteries concerning the F-18, but there is no such mystery as to what I doubt if anyone will ever get to the bottom of it all," said Vento investigator Shirley Geer.

The new doubts about the F-18 can only add to concerns in Ottawa, which has ordered 107 F-18s at an expected cost of about \$14 billion, the biggest capital contract in Canadian defense history. The aircraft project, which is now 80% already known to be running \$1 billion over budget in the U.S., and

Crash scene (above). (Below) McDonnell Douglas B-1. Loss plane: allegations of a cover-up



to be suffering from major technical difficulties. Some experts have predicted that it will never reach the performance standards promised when the Canadian deal was struck. It will certainly never meet the price.

One of the plane's chief difficulties were its unreliability. The aircraft that crashed performed well at the Portsmouth International Air Show, over London earlier this month. But when it left the next day for Rome—the Madrid government is also considering buying the F-18—it went out of control and the pilot and copilot were forced to eject. Initially, the aircraft concerned, in Geer's words, was "supposed to be the perfect F-18, the one in which they were supposed to have sorted out all the faults, the one that was used to give proofs to congressmen." Another is that a few days before the crash the U.S. Navy, reacting to Merrill's story, questioning the performance of the F-18, flew a pair of Canadian journalists from Washington to the navy base in Britain. Said Shirley Geer: "Our in-

formation is that as the aircraft took off something fell from it into the runway."

Geer's allegations about a cover-up apparently rest on her observation that only a single news agency carried the story about the F-18's crash. But she may be an stronger ground when she claims that there is "quite a lobby working here." Geer says that when the House appropriations committee considered a defense budget item setting aside \$3.7 billion for a package of 10 F-18s last week, they attached a rider instructing Defense Secretary Harold Brown not to buy any of the planes until all deficiencies had been made good. "We understand that a group of pro-F-18 congressmen are going to have this changed on the floor," says Geer.

Meanwhile, McDonnell Douglas' Tomlinson maintains that Canada will get the plane on schedule. "It's a matter of priorities, but we are not saying this plane has been grounded, rather the navy is calling it an 'administrative hold.' No doubt it will cause some holdups in development but nothing serious," he says. McDonnell Douglas, however, was three rather differently.

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New York

Giving up is hard to do

Newer than new United States Senator stamped the state for fellow Republican John Javits in the weeks before the New York primary. Other luminaries such as former president Gerald Ford and Senator Barry Goldwater did their bit in taped TV commercials. But, when the votes were counted last week, the 18-year-old Javits had lost his bid for a fifth Republican senatorial nomination to a virtual unknown—a 43-year old Alliance D'Amica, presiding supervisor of the town of Hempstead, one of the three large administrative units that comprise suburban Nassau County.

In the end, Javits, who has just lost an election in 16 years, fell victim to the frailties of his own body and the durability of his opponent. The Republican star in New York State since Nelson Rockefeller died nearly two years ago. Even as he mounted the platform to make his campaign speech, Javits stumbled embarrassingly on the steps—evidence of the motor-sensor disease that is robbing him of



McDonnell Douglas B-1. Loss plane: allegations of a cover-up



McDonnell Douglas B-1. Loss plane: allegations of a cover-up

physical coordination, though not his intellect. Javits' doctors believe that despite his affliction he could serve a six-year term. But, during the exhausting campaign, he had trouble with such routine activities as shaking hands and opening doors. There was real pathos when he pleaded with a group of Republicans: "You give me a few hours of your time, and I'll give you the rest of my life."

The pathos was lost or challenged D'Amico, however, he made Javits' age

and health the focal point of a blistering campaign attack and, almost as tellingly, charged that Javits, whose voting record supported Democratic President Jimmy Carter more than 90 percent of the time, was far more progressive than the party he claimed to represent. These views were shared by a coalition of conservatives, anti-abortion supporters and grassroots Republicans who had long soured under the domination of the liberal Rockefeller wing of the party and the condominium with which Javits treated their views.

D'Amico's stunning victory took the spotlight from what was to have been the main event on primary day—the Democratic dispute between Congressman Elmer B. Helmsman, former Miss America Bobi Meyer—who also did a stint as New York City's commissioner of consumer affairs—former mayor John Lindsay and New York State attorney John Santora. Meyer lost the blessing of such top local Democrats as Mayor Edward Koch and Governor Hugh Carey, and spent lavishly on a slick media campaign. But she was unable to shed her image as a humorless aristocrat. And more importantly, she split the votes of moderate Democrats with Lindsay and Santora. As a result, Helmsman, whose strident liberalism and militant feminism have earned her the sobriquet "Bella Abzug without a hat," emerged a clear winner with 41 percent of the vote.

For his part, Javits has made clear that he is not yet finished. He intends to appear on the November ballot in New York as the liberal Party candidate, and already insiders predict that the weary of the redoubtable senator's colleagues will continue to campaign for him. That does not bode well for Helmsman. It is a three-way race, Javits could draw enough votes from her to make the election of the conservative D'Amico.

But whoever the winner, the real loser may well turn out to be President Carter. Javits' presence on the liberal ticket could prove a boon to John Anderson, who has already named that party's nod for the presidency, winning enough votes to deny Carter New York's crucial 11 electoral votes.

Little wonder that then, last week, the press's attention shifted to participants within the League of Women Voters announced that their first debate after the week would include Anderson, Carter supporters, bearing Anderson's potential loss to the president, continued to push for a two-man Carter-Braggio ticket. Nelson Rockefeller's daughter, a senior advice adviser: "With Javits on the liberal line, it is certainly a plan for Anderson. And when you look at the debate situation, you can easily see how Anderson has gotten the shot in the arm."

Rita Christopher

*Canada has purchased the F-18, which destroys up to 100 aircraft with a single shot.



Under singing and soaring confessions that every love requires its wedding cake

Festival of Festivals

At week's end Toronto's fifth annual tribute to cinema, the Festival of Festivals, prepared to close with a bang-up bash celebrating a work best characterized by the title of the final film—*Where Modern Moderns*, featuring *Bette Midler*, was actually put during three concert sessions, and Midler bails out all of her sexy characters including "Ricky DeLuxe Delago, the count of Chicago" and costumes that vary from sequins to a wedding cake, which the sports while singing *Chapel of Love*. Afterward a party was arranged to wrap up the whole affair at a basement disco called *Blossom*. "Very, very tacky, but perfect," summed up Paul Cooper of the *Chicago* cappella *The Nylons*, who were featured at the event.

The work and influence of French director *Jean-Louis Godard* were honored at the festival, and the maestro emceed in a public appearance following a screening of his 1966 film *Breathless*, featuring *Jean Seberg* and *Jean-Paul Belmondo*. After being introduced as "the man who changed the language of film," Godard demurely admitted "I am still quite well known, despite the fact that all of my film are failures."

Just when everything seemed to be moving smoothly for the festival, *Parole d'Indépendant* and *Parole d'Indépendant* were announced their wedding plans at the Venice Film Festival. Toronto, of course, had *Lee Majors*,



Oh God and Forever! They share bliss (thunder with their wedding plans)

Parole's ex-husband attending the gala with ballerina *Karen Kain* and passing for the occasional bear at parties with former CTVX president *Michael McGee*. "It comes as no surprise I would there all the back in the world," and Majors when told of Parole's plan of "his good friend" Kain, Majors was protective. "It's quite a responsibility going out with Canada's national treasure," he said. "But then I was married to America's."

Two nights in a row actor *James Coburn* stood up to take a bow at gala for film in which he starred—*Gamma Complex* and *My Father's House*—three months ago. "I could barely sit up let alone stand," "I was in total agony," he says of the months he spent suffering severe rheumatoid arthritis. "I had it in my hands, legs, ankles, feet, shoulders, neck and it was starting in my back. I tried gymnastics and it helped a little. Then I began a series of deconditioning moves—high colonies and deep-root massage. I had to do it all on my own though because doctors just say 'Take this and you'll be all right or 'You'll just have to live with it.'" Coburn's self-therapy worked. "To a degree," but he found that entire care was his stuff. "A food allergy test revealed that I had allergies to 40

Coburn (left), Kain and Majors, it's a responsibility going out with Canada's national treasure, after marrying America

of 150 test foods—most of them involving gluten. "I'm 50-per-cent better now and by next month I hope to be back to normal," he says. "Now I recommend a food allergy testing to anyone who has arthritis. My father died of arthritis and I'm sure no one ever asked him whether he thought it might have anything to do with his diet."

One of the most unusual films of the festival was a 38-minute tribute to the series by California film maker *Lee Black*, titled *Garlic Is as Good as Ten Mothers*. It also presented filmgoers with their first opportunity to experience "smell-o-vision," unless they happened to have been among the handful of patrons who smelled *Garlic* of May 1960. Bismarckian and garlic lovers *By Rosenberg* and *Frank Spiller* sat at the back of the theatre surreptitiously cooking garlic in a toaster oven and burning the fumes into the air vents. He's performance was lauded by theatre officials. "They told me if I didn't stop I'd be charged with disseminating garlic in a public place," said Rosenberg, whose oven was confiscated though he was allowed to hold on to his vase. "stinking vase." Said Rosenberg: "Apparently there's no law against passive possession of garlic."

A usual among those attending the Trade Forum, there was a lot of talk about the quality of Canadian films and their contribution to the Canadian cultural identity. *Stephen A. Roth*, co-producer of *Suzanne*, expressed his views succinctly when he noted "Crap is an essential part of the culture."

One of the few hundreds of festivals attending U.S. Coastal General *Frederick Smith's* after-gala party followed the screening of *Amos* from

was comic *Horris Mandel*. The party was held on the second-floor mezzanine of Bloor Street's trendy *Colorado* complex and Mandel enjoyed it because he could "window-shop and talk shop" at the same time. "I play a religious fanatic, no particular religion," Mandel explained as he kept his role in the film *Talpa* with *Renzoletto Petros* and *Gabe Kaplan*, which was filmed last year in Montreal and is now in the re-releasing stages, so much so that whole scenes are being added. Mandel may have gotten mileage out of the party, but the celebrities left early. In fact, Coastal General Smith left during the opening hour. *James Coburn* tried to leave but found himself boxed in by fans at the top of the escalator. *Ellen Barkin* was the fastest out. Five minutes after going up the escalator, she was headed down. "I don't like parties in shopping malls," she said.

"Who is that woman?" was the most often asked question of this year's festival, as well as last year's. The answer was *Miss Malveira*, a 20-year-old Bulgarian-Italian actress prone to glacial party dashes, who was introduced to the festival by producer "accidental" *Joan and Sandy Gold*. Unbeknownst to most, Malveira has acted in a number of well-known films, including *Prudence Felt's* *Soyuzet*, and had two films showing in Toronto last week. One was *Kidney Syndrome* which she made in Italy two years ago with *James Mason*, and the other was *Urban City* starring *Monica DeLuca* *Moore*, which had its North American premiere at the festival. "I play a crazy lady who lives and dies," she explained. North American audiences should be able to recognize Malveira more readily when she finishes work on *Deer for Me*, the story of a defecting Russian ballerina. "It's another story, fun story," said Malveira before returning to New York to work on her second record album, the sequel to her discography named *I Want Your Body*.

At the Trade Forum, producers and delegates discussed the film *Amos* for *Independent Film* sponsored Canadian producers who seem more interested in tax shelters than cinema. "There's no real need to recover the money," noted Quebec actress-turned-film maker *Michelle Lemelin*, whose film *The Madonnas* received a standing ovation. Fansites displayed open admiration of the Australian film industry, which has produced such "quality" films as *My Brilliant Career* and *The Chant of Jimmie Fargus*, while film of *My Brilliant Career* and *The Chant of Jimmie Fargus* were quickly dispelled by Aussie filmmaker *Abbie Hoffman*, who pointed out that only 10 per cent of the country's film use



Mandel (top left), Malveira, and Kellerman, a crazy lady must do her and a religious fanatic with unknown looks

international distribution and the government is made to compensate. "It's so bad, and there," some producers are going to New Zealand to get away."

According to the Ontario government, 180 million worth of TV revenues and programs were filmed in the province last year. "That represented \$500 million in economic benefits," said *Duncan Allen*, assistant deputy minister of the province's department of industry and business. Allen said that national taxpayers at the Trade Forum by pointing that *Tube* at any cost are all the province is interested in, not in helping Canadians get a major share of

the money made with Canadian money. "Allen also indicated that he believes subsidies don't give a boost about where the movies they watch are made because 'people go to the movies to be entertained and it's a little boring'."

The hottest film of the festival may not have been film but videotape. During a taped Trade Forum panel discussion, producer *Mid Marshall* and writer *Michael Rucker* engaged in a debate that Marshall characterized as a "vindictive personal vendetta." Rucker started the verbal slaughter by charging that Canada's movie industry is filled with "unbelievably bad taste and larded with greed." Marshall, in turn, charged Rucker with lying off the film mafia of his books, even though films aren't necessarily made. Rucker countered with a comment about Marshall's production of "home movies that won't get distributed," Marshall, who has produced *Mr. Peabody and Caryl of Two* in the past year, took his aim and said: "Michael Rucker. I beg his book every time he writes it." Rucker, however, maintained total control and got off this biting comment on the state of the art. If Marshall and Rucker were to see, so did *Hamburger Heizer* and *Kierulff*. The audience roared, catcalled and cheered throughout. "He was hysterical and savage," whined Marshall in retreat at the hospitality suite.

"We've lived together for years, but we decided to get married anyway," laughed a recently wed *Sally Kellerman*, who dropped into Toronto for a few hours to see *Head On*. Though she claimed that her "postmarriage" with *James Krack* is "one of complete independence," Krack begs to differ. "Sally, you are the most dependent female I know," he says. "Clay, okay," countered Kellerman, "but I tell you I'm as single as I was before—except for the sex."

"All of us who are alive are positive proof of this good aspect of the war," explained Belgian-born filmmaker *Myriam Abramowitz*, whose 30-minute film *As If I Were Yesterday* dealt with the conditions the Belgian people made by hiding 4,000 Jewish children from the Germans. Working with Puritan artist *Edith Heuberg*, Abramowitz traveled down hundreds of survivors over a three-year period and everywhere she went in film they are greeted by people who are intimately touched by the effect. RJL, *Yesterday* failed to draw headlines or even mention at the festival. "It's not any subject," acknowledged a disappointed Abramowitz, "but it hurts to see what's been going on and what millions of dollars at this kind of gathering." Edited by *Marsha Boulton*

Innocence or guilt and a larger problem

By Hal Quinn

Every international traveller has felt his hands patted as the customs agent's wandering eye and fable finger dispense moral censure, induce wariness and public exposure of toilet and sundries. On Aug. 24, Ferguson Jenkins, a 36-year-old actor of Clatskanie, Ore., pitcher for the Texas Rangers of the American League, recent recipient of the Order of Canada, was spared that indignity. He wasn't at Toronto International Airport when his baggage arrived late. "There was no tip involved," says Superintendent Donald Heston of the sector. "It's normal procedure to suspect baggage that arrives

Greenspan, met Sept. 6 with officials of the baseball commissioner's office. "We left with the distinct impression that the league would take no action until the case was heard," said Greenspan. But last week, baseball's Commissioner Bowie Kuhn wrote Jenkins "Since you have declined to co-operate with this office's investigation, and thus perhaps to exonerate yourself, I think it is only fair that you should not be in uniform again until this matter is disposed of."

The suspension (with pay and benefits) was the most drastic measure taken by the commissioner since the suspension of Detroit Tiger pitcher Dennis Moline in 1970 for carrying a gun and breaching a prohibition imposed by Kuhn

according to Donald Peter of the players' association, should Foster's decision go against Kuhn, Jenkins could be in uniform the next day.

"One of the reasons we have filed the grievance," says Greenspan, "is that Kuhn's action could set a bad precedent for baseball and we want to try and correct it."

No matter what decisions are reached at the grievance hearing and the Arbitration court, the case reflects a growing concern about drug use among professional athletes. Jenkins' arrest came only days after estimates surfaced that up to 75 per cent of the players in the National Basketball Association use cocaine, with up to 10 per cent getting high on free base (a mixture of ether or ammonia with cocaine to remove salts and impurities) at the time. Andre Thornton of the Cleveland Indians said, "There are drugs on every team in baseball. Some teams have major problems, others just two or three players. But a drug culture exists in baseball." Drug use by pro athletes appears to be particularly the case as that of the general population, but as Toronto psychiatrist Andrew Macdonald, author of



separately." The next day customs inspectors found four grams of cocaine, two ounces of marijuana and two grams of hashish in Jenkins' baggage. Police said the drugs had a street value of \$500.

Jenkins was arrested at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium Aug. 20 and his case was remanded until Dec. 18 at a Brampton, Ont., court. The maximum penalty on narcotics importation and a \$1,000 fine, the usual first-offence penalty, a charge that does not amount to a criminal conviction. Under the circumstances (a Ferguson Jenkins appreciation day was held in Toronto June 12 in recognition of his 16 major-league seasons and 200 to 182 wins also, records Jenkins did not pick in Toronto that August trip. He and his lawyer, Robin

Jenkins in Toronto (above). Kuhn suspended for violence before the case is heard.

Greenspan's reaction was angry. "The immediate reason for the suspension is Ferguson's refusal to answer the commission officials' questions that were directly or indirectly related to the case. What he [Kuhn] has done is to attempt to coerce Ferguson into revealing his constitutional right [a 14th right] to remain silent before his appearance in a criminal court." Jenkins remained silent on Greenspan's advice.

At Jenkins' request, a formal grievance has been filed through the players' association and is scheduled to be heard at a meeting in Chicago this week. Raymond Gesta, professor at the University of Kansas law school, will arbitrate. Ac-

books and papers on the subject, points out, "Athletes' drug use is not marijuana; especially use of the 'feel-good' or 'high' drug cocaine. A large number of pro athletes come from disadvantaged social environments and their wealth and jet-set existence comes suddenly. I suspect that many are willing victims, easy sells."

The headlines come, of course, because of the athletes' high profile. "We have thousands of smoker co-ops," says Superintendent Heston, "and nobody notices." Trouble is, once charges are laid against an athlete, a stigma is attached to the man and the game. As Jenkins' public relations representative Gene Givsky said last week, "I guess we won't see our Ferguson doing an American Express commercial." ◇



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Overtime has come, to talk of benefits and things

By Trent Frayne

It was a terrible summer for the weary owners of the National Hockey League. Nag, nag, nag. No, not their wives, the little darlings who struggle along on an average income of \$95,000 while barely keeping a girl driving her Mini. No, it was the owners. The owners wouldn't let them rest and restore and recharge after the endless season. The owners interrupted the mostly four-months-of-holiday hockey player's schedule, in an open opportunity to fish and play golf and let his little ones know that he, not his agent or the butler, is their daddy.

What happened was that the owners decided at a meeting in June to institute a five-month overtime period in next games. They figured it might help break the logjam of 142 non-decision games last season, 131 the year before, 128 the year before that and 113 the year before that. Does this seem like a lot of time, a lifetime of living that winter? It is. Compared with the tidy record of the dead World Hockey Association, it's actually ludicrous.

The WHA, may it rest, had only three owners. And knew, but one of them wasn't for games. In its final four seasons the WHA had a mere 99 wins altogether, an average of 22.5 a season, against an 180.5 average nearly six times greater in 1984-85. So the owners, who have decided to end overtime for a mere 30 years (it was evoked as a temporary wartime measure in 1942 as a transportation accommodation), finally broke down and voted it in by a 12 to 9 margin last June. They were urged and assisted by "Team, we're having fun," said Howard Baldwin, who had been the president of the WHA since August, 1977, while running the New England Whalers, which he will down under their own air in the NHL, the Hartford Whalers.

Thinking to be very, very enough old lawyers of their bet to get a majority, the progressives among the owners were predisposed to do it the warring world

they were giving a belated thought to that long-forgotten fellow, the fan. They had decided to try to force more decisions in next season's games. Five minutes worth of sudden-death overtime.

Wherever the NHL Players' Association, A. Ragsdale executive director, stood out that the players had been consulted. Under the collective-bargaining agreement between the landlords and the serfs, they should have been. "Tut-tut," tut-tutted A. Ragsdale,

recessions," said A. Ragsdale, "we asked the NHL to postpone it until we could discuss it a great deal more." And then, tossing the old ball around with the baby-faced president of the league, John Ziegler, the Eagle reports, "We came up with an idea that warrants another try." What it is, in a trade-off, if the players accept overtime, cost their benefactor, they would want more, er, benefits, right? Such as increased medical and dental plans.

All of which appeared to baffle the front-office progressives. "It was the players' association that suggested originally that we try overtime," muttered Cliff Fletcher, whose Atlanta Flames have been transplanted to Calgary. "We passed it because we felt the fans wanted it."

The basic trading riled Howard Baldwin, too, who still doesn't know why the establishment's Montreal Canadiens and Boston Bruins are against overtime's resurrection. He wonders if the guys know there's competition gone on for people's money in the entertainment business, that a recession is building, that fans have got to be given the best possible attraction. Baldwin says nobody ever paid money, hoping to see a tie.

This man's point is that overtime induces a better product, especially in the third period. "Without it, a visiting team will play cautiously, hoping for a point in the first two periods. But if they're in a realizable quality to overcome that makes playing for a tie dangerous. Anything can happen in sudden-death overtime. You'll try harder to win to avoid it. Overtime becomes a threat, and look who benefits the fan."

Hockey is the only big game whose fans don't always get a decision. Baseball teams play all night if necessary, suspending games when local media intervene, picking them up next time when they're left off. Sold-out stadiums in the National Football League stir wild white teams' search for the required touchdown or field goal in 15 minutes of overtime. People want a decision. That's why they keep score



ARND

in effect. "What have we here?" And that's when the players' athletic supporters, hung out for the summer to dry, dropped into the chamber. Sam Ragsdale, the WHA's director of operations, and the various team reps began contacting the media for their covering thoughts on the matter of five minutes of extra work every now and then.

"We told the league we'd try to have a decision by the start of the season," said Ragsdale, a man with the terrible burden of getting a "yes" or a "no" in a mere three months. Well, between pats and getting the oil changed on the kind-matching Honda-Coronas and one thing and another, the players had one hell of a time coming up with an answer. What they needed was overtime, never mind what the game needed. The issue seemed dead when the players' executive committee told the league's board that the whole business was too demanding. Decisions, decisions.

"Because the players couldn't reach a

front-office progressives.

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Massey faces the grim reaper

By Gilman MacKay

Another week, another episode in the perils of short-lived Canadian corporate. Massey-Ferguson Ltd. "Frankie" is on the truck," says Conrad Black, chairman of Angus Corp., Massey's largest shareholder, "and you can hear the train." But in the other episode of the century-old farm machinery manufacturer's evolution into a monumental cliff-hanger last week, it was not at all certain that a hero would emerge to cut her loose.

Massey's cries of distress to federal, provincial and foreign governments, though no surprise to insiders, put a swift end to all the brave talk that has emanated from the company since Black and Victor Hax, the president, plucked it from the jaws of bankruptcy two years ago. Under their inspired direction, Massey slashed its international work force by close to one-third, backed off unprofitable assets involving write-downs of \$600 million and even managed to ship up a modest operating profit in 1979.

Those halcyon days were short-lived, however, and beginning late last fall everything that could go wrong for the company did so. In latest revelations, the bottom fell out of the North American farm machinery market and the soaring British pound crippled export sales of Perkins Engines, once its strongest subsidiary. As losses mounted, so did Massey's already crushing debt load. In the latest nine-month period ending in July, bank borrowings were up \$495 million over 1979 and total debt now reared to a staggering \$1.7 billion. But that the public alarm bell was not sounded until last week, when Massey announced that it could not meet conditions imposed by lenders for the second year is a new (though the terms are renegotiated by Nov. 1) the cash-strapped company could go bankrupt.

Despite the apparent urgency of the situation, governments are regarding it skeptically, promising no decision before the end of the month. In part, politicians are still not convinced that Ray Black's Angus Corp., which owns 16.4 per cent of Massey's stock, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which has close to \$900 million in loans



Black hurt by the recklessness of lenders

without government support, most investors are simply too leery of Massey to jump into a proposed \$300-million issue of preferred shares, which Black says would put the company back on its feet. Not that he blames them. "I'm weary from an orthodox point of view,



Flee: laugh-aligned corporate colleagues

it's intense. But if investors had the same intimate knowledge of the company that I do, they wouldn't consider it so risky. It's a case of so near and yet so far." Still, the only ticket to date on Black's Angus Corp., which owns 16.4 per cent of Massey's stock, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, which has close to \$900 million in loans

to Massey. They have agreed to contribute up to \$600 million. But only if outside investors make up the other \$300 million and if worldwide debt is restricted. If Massey does not raise the cash, says Black, it will be at the mercy of its 250 international lenders. "In an era when so many have enough of state that they can't and no."

Even if government officials believe the scenario, however, they will not necessarily intervene to prevent it. To some, the recent purchase of \$200 million in loans by Chrysler Canada Ltd. was bad enough, a Massey rescue could open the floodgates to government bailouts. Although its head, chief and the majority of its shareholders are Canadians, Massey has only a fraction of its worldwide sales and assets (each more than \$3 billion U.S.) in Canada, and only 6,000 of its 37,000 employees. If companies, Chrysler had 34,000 employees under the terms of the past year's 10-year, not everyone is convinced that the equity package will, in fact, save the company or be anything more than a free ride for investors.

Anxious to dissociate himself from any such connection of freeloading is Conrad Black, who insists that while Massey may have "dollar signs in its eyes" he, as an outside director, is only asking for "reasonable notice" to reas-

No-price products deprogrammed

When Lena Krymaki retired last year from her job with a market research company, she joined the 30 per cent of Canadians in that income who feel particularly trapped by the increasing price of everything. "Since I've worked with figures and

done store surveys," she says, "I am more aware of prices than the average shopper." She proved her point recently at a neighbourhood supermarket in east-end Toronto. In checking her shopping receipt, she discovered that she had been charged full price for facial tissue displayed as a sale item. Though the error was quickly corrected, she was left feeling uneasy. "I would have noticed the company's mistake at the counter had the price been on the tissues," she says, "but with the price tag replaced by the Universal Price Code [UPC—a series of black stripes that

identify the product to the computer] I can't keep track of prices as well anymore."

Most shoppers aren't as diligent as Krymaki in remembering shelf prices and checking receipts—few (if any) other shoppers at the east-end supermarket even noticed they had paid full price for the tissues. It is precisely this potential for error that has prompted consumers' groups to oppose the recent move to eliminate price tags. While a computerized system for inventory undoubtedly will improve efficiency in ordering and labelling goods—and perhaps may even cut down on cashier errors and long lines—it also risks a skeptical public to trade some of its power in monitoring prices for trust that the food industry will do a better job. Recently consumer complaints about the 30 stores already computerized in Ontario prompted the Ontario Ministry of Consumer and Corporate Affairs to

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Krymaki using price-monitoring power

conduct a study, released this summer, which showed that fully 80 per cent of consumers using computerized supermarkets want the price left on. In response, the industry resisted the price pricing in Ontario (though not in the rest of the country) last month guiding further study. But as Mary Peppert of the Consumers' Association of Canada (CAC) in Toronto points out, "When they say they're making a study, what they mean is they're letting the consumer cool off."

Determined not to "cool off," the CAC wants price tags reinstated unconditionally in Canada's 72 computerized supermarkets. Last Saturday it persuaded that position in what it called "quiet marches" in Toronto and other major cities in most of the country (CPC has not yet received Atlantic Canada). Peppert says a no-price system doesn't

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consumers traditional control they can no longer rely on the rest of groceries before checking out, unless they memorize shelf prices, they can't ensure that the computer is charging the correct price. If goods are in a display, they have trouble knowing which price belongs to which product, and, if elderly or short-sighted, they can't easily stoop or stretch to read prices on lower or higher shelves. "At times, markers on lower shelves are missing altogether," says Krynski. "I guess they get knocked off because they're so near the floor."

Alexander McKichan, president of the Retail Council of Canada, believes the issue has been blown out of proportion and is really little different from whether to have milk in bottles or bags. "If we had a free-market system," he says, "the problem would work itself out." This take-it-or-leave-it attitude really concerns the fact that many people would submit willingly to the price-off system because all major supermarket chains are already committed to the system and there soon may be no real alternative. In fact, the industry will save money with the system whether or not item prices are reversed—it's just a matter of how much. According to the Grocery Products Manufacturers of Canada, 79 per cent of potential computer savings will result from elimination of item pricing, but McKichan says it's closer to 50 per cent.

In the U.S., where the item system first appeared in 1972, not states and dozens of other municipalities and counties have made item pricing mandatory. But the regulations have proved difficult to draw up and administer, due in part to numerous exceptions to item pricing (guns and produce are never priced) so far in Canada, only Quebec and Manitoba have followed the American legislative lead. In the past year both provinces have required the authority to insist on item pricing, but no specific regulations have been drawn up and so the price-off system continues.

What Payport is asking for is a written commitment from the industry that it will maintain item pricing voluntarily. If that fails, American experience suggests that the only recourse is legislation. In the meantime, she says, some frustrated shoppers have taken to guerrilla warfare. "One man told me he hadn't achieved a thing by complaining so now when he shops he scribbles over the tag of items he wants to purchase. When he gets to the check-out the cashier has to go back to the shelves to find the price." Others, like Lisa Krynski, are less extreme. "If I don't know the price of something," she says, "and I find it's too much when I get to the check-out, I just don't buy it." Sarah Lawley

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TOCHATSKY PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1
Andre Gaskin (piano) conducted by
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(Ange)

There is a force of character, a majesty and a subtle grandeur here quite unmissable in a 58-year-old Gaskin's deliberate waywardness allows this much-travelled concerto to appear less headstrong and more experimental than usual. But it's still a slugging match for heavyweights and Gaskin

and the London Philharmonic pound away effectively. With such a quicksilver touch, he is an archangel among mortals.

DEADLY IMAGES FOR ORCHESTRA
PRELUDE: A LAYERS MD: D UN FAINE
Conducted by André Proven
(Ange)

Full marks for the plasticity of the digital sound and the symphonic playing of the London Symphony, especially the woodwind. But there's something missing: it's as if Proven so enjoys outgunning us these delicate and subtle orientations that he forgets the need for tension and ascendancy. His studied languor too often spills over into the more vigorous sections. Thus just when longer is most needed, as in the Prelude, he seeks too hastidly. But it is worth buying for the revealing sound.

John Pearce




But what a disappointment to hear her powerful pipes squandered on magnetostatic material and smothered to the muzzling honing guitars that the insurance professor has allowed to hold sway. Headstrong herself seems so hell-bent for hope that all her own manoeuvres turn to a synthetic result. But there are occasions, such as *In the Heat of the Night*, when the blaster does down and enough talent shows through to make you ready to wait for the next album, willing to forget that any of this ever happened.

David Livingstone

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Books

A voice out of time

By Roy MacGregor

Beyond him, the hardwood forest is shadowing in the setting sun, dimming with the early summer of fall. Since the colors of Quebec's Eastern Townships will rise to equal his own anxiety, October will come and with it the release of *Voces in Time*, his first novel in 18 years, perhaps the last. Hugh MacLennan is leaning on a visitor's car, arms folded over the roof, his hazel eyes looking at rest. This is a man who does not fill conversations as much as furnish them, and there will be a final silence before inspection. The silence is fitting now, not choked as it was when he dealt with his first wife's death and her later, other-world appearance to him, and the right hand has settled now, not trembling as it was when he spoke, for the first time of his own private terror during the 1970 October Crisis. Fear then, fear again now, as he prepares for what may be the final judgment. Damaged by the critics and badly hurt last time out, he will try again in a different age and see if, just maybe, his time has come again.

"When I finished the book," he says in his select, proper manner, "I suddenly discovered I had become very tired. Not just tired in body—but in shape the pulse of hand to forehead—'not tired up here'."

A falling across maps off the fender, closing off the conversation. MacLennan draws away and looks up into the red sky that marks outside his North Halloway cottage. It is a time that a younger Hugh MacLennan once wrote had a "dignity" to fall, and this sky stands some 70 feet high, straight and proud. But not perfect. Caterpillars have left its leaves shredded, its dignity slightly dimmed.

"I am writing," the First World War writer Helen from Nova Scotia's *Rag and Bone*, tramp writer "for the sake of my book." Hugh MacLennan was a child then, but in this, his 74th year, we are still concerned with the path of his words. "It is my first aim," he wrote in a 1942 application for a John G. Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship, "to write a novel of the Canada I knew, in which I have lived. When Canadians understand themselves better, they will be understood by the rest of the world."

Prior to Hugh MacLennan, Canadian novels had been concerned with, in his own words, "the events of the day, the people who came." There had never been a true sense of Canada. When MacLennan's first two novels—set in Austria, Germany and the United States—were turned down, he concluded that the novel was "such an intimate form that you're stuck with your own country." So he went back to something he did know, the 1917 Halifax explosion in which he witnessed, as a student 19-year-old, the deaths of two men, and the book he produced in 1941, *Barometer Rising*, was a huge success. His second, the one he wrote as the Guggenheim Fellowship, he titled *Two Solitudes*, which came to say more about the duality of Canada than did the British North American Act. Geographer, sociologist and, at



They speak of him as if he were dead

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times, prophet, he one day found himself as much an initiate as the author of six novels. The words of Toronto critic Claude Massie typify MacLennan's status: "No Canadian writer has contributed so much to national self-awareness and understanding."

They speak of him as if he were dead. But in the same year as Margaret Atwood's and Mordecai Richler's hagiographical successes, a healthy, robust MacLennan is squeezing a few more miles out of his used Ford. He is a man of subtle humor—sad, hooded, visionary, serving as quotation marks for the explanation point his mouth forms at the

Every Great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

reached the promised land.
All this hurt MacLennan. "As long as there's any criticism," says Margaret Cameron, "he's going to feel uncomfortable. He was very heavily criticized as a child and perhaps that triggers it." That his novels are populated with basically two kinds of fathers—the frail who fail or the strong who are wrong—may well be tied to his own father, Dr. Samuel MacLennan, a strict Presbyterian, described by Hugh's sister, Frances, as "stern" but by a family friend as "generally disliked, thorny and opinionated." Young Hugh was a superb athlete, excelling in tennis and basketball, but the doctor had decided early on that his only son would be a classical scholar and nothing else would be considered. Each week, Johannes Lugus, the classics teacher at the Halifax Academy, would be invited to dinner, after which the two men and the boy would retire to the medical officer's waiting room to read Virgil and Homer aloud. Hugh was eager to please and brilliant, but one can only imagine what he felt inside that wintry night in 1968, when he answered his dad, just won a Rhodes Scholarship and his father's only response was, "Go out and shed the snow."

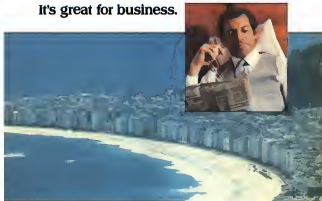
He went from a PhD at Princeton and a scholarly future, to a ground-breaking novelist partly with the help of a 1987 tour of Russia that "turned one of my idealisms I may have had about Marxism" and a growing perspective that "human nature repeats itself—that doesn't mean that history will, but certain syndromes do keep occurring." His message could not be delivered through scholarly studies, but only through communication.

The only thing he couldn't see—perhaps the *do-shed-shed* faded him here—was that what he had to say would change so drastically. There was not much satisfaction in being right, as he believes he was, if a book like *Return of the Sphynx* was going to be used to put him down. And there was certainly no satisfaction when his bears came true in October of 1990. On Thanksgiving Monday, two days after Pierre Lucigne had been kidnapped, MacLennan was leaving for a short drive around the Eastern Townships to see the colors when he found a hawk road blocked by two cars. Fortunately, a truck headed straight ahead of him, but the two cars gave him chase, forcing him to accelerate up to 100 km/h until he found a split truck he could slip in front of, when out of sight, he quickly engaged up a second. Whether it was all massive coincidence or whether he—as a convenient symbol for English Canada—missed an appointment with a car trunk is something he will never know, and doesn't care to know.

But that, fortunately, was July 18

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years ago. Another time, another place, guess McGovern, come Reagan, bleached bell-bottoms to dagger jeans. One of the few threads to run consistently through these years has been oil, dependable Hugh MacLennan, pecking away at his typewriter, unsure whether he could ever publish again, convinced as he has always been that "a writer should also be a critic." Part of his bitterness he was able to pour oil into *Voices in Time*, leaving some of his own burden to Conrad Debevoise who "as there was no open season on any public man over 50 . . . because a target for the neo-Marxists and separatists." This was Conrad Debevoise—really MacLennan—in 1979. By 1988 charges rebuffed had receded into nostalgia, by 1990 the note on Quebec separatism had become "naïf."

Perhaps, he dared wonder, his time had come again. He had written a dark, dark novel, but suddenly there was Iran. Afghan armies, irascible bombers and a new arm race. And yet the novel was not entirely without light. MacLennan is a great lover of classical music, where any great movement has counterpoint, and he has applied it to his novel, as first at times as the best of a simple heart to an angry crowd. But that, of course, is where he has been heading since he moved from Canada's great prairies in *Barometer Rising*

through Dorothy Dissanay's tragic death. The book warns of destruction, yes, but the story could not have been told without a survivor. And MacLennan, good God-daring Celt that he is, could never deny his own clan's grime but he must insist "Where there's life, there's hope!" ☺

The collapsing vaults of history

VOICES IN TIME
by Hugh MacLennan
Macmillan of Canada, \$19.95

In *Voices in Time* the only consistently moral man is a traitorous admiral in Hitler's navy who is blamed to "a mind trapped in the collapsing vaults of history." The author might be describing himself, such is the pervasion of doom in this seventh novel by Hugh MacLennan. "Learn to discriminate . . . in order to survive," advises a fleeing Jewish scholar. The book is perhaps a lesson in how to live in unconscionable circumstances and keep the spirit alive. Why is it that writers in their maturity abandon the present for a theoretical future, only to pose in that future looking on as with detachment? Dennis Lehane has, Marge Piercy has as well,

perhaps temporarily, and now MacLennan. The trouble with the advance fictioning which proceeds is that it is often a thin disguise for nostalgia.

John Wilfred, a 75-year-old "ingenue," receives a telephone call from an unknown young man. During conversations in what must have been Montreal, two cast-iron boxes of papers have been found, referring to the Wilfred family, prominent in a lost and forgotten valley. He opens the first Chateau box. Wilfred agrees to read the papers and write a book about the lives and especially the deaths of relatives he loved and whom he has feared out of his mind. Within his back-slasher books are opened the story of Wilfred's stepfather, Conrad Debevoise, a German professor who joins the Gestapo in order to rescue his Jewish lover, and that of his cousin, Timothy Wilfred, an irresponsible young television host whose faint power becomes parasitic.

Through the meanders of Timothy and Conrad, ensnared to the boxes which survive all else, we learn how the world died. In Timothy's house record we see terrorism, become self-righteous and efficient. Gangs of intellectuals hold up governments and demand Milgram with the threat of blasting whole cities out of existence. Eventually such threats are carried out. The final bang is an

apocalyptic sort of destruction, set off, we are told, by a massive computer error. Strangely enough, Conrad's experiences in Nazi Germany remind us of a more personal social collapse, the rising of that torule-fetish the liberal guilt which allows the next form of destruction to take place.

When destiny comes to Montreal, John Wilfred escapes because he is at his summer cottage. He participates, for a time, in the blood, international social organization that follows, tracking "the Dugrass" instead of history to young people who have seen no books and have never heard of videotape (Some losses are more tragic than others.) But once he returns to his barracks where we meet him, not knowing how it was that his human counts caused the murder of his stepfather. Only when he is presented with the papers that advise the puzzle, and asked to write a book, does the old man come alive again. As "author" of the book within the book, Wilfred is, of course, a stand-in for MacLennan.

John and Timothy and Conrad are men who find and use women casually. The television star can have his choice of several hundred on a good night, apparently. Despite this, they tend to drift off to sleep longing for someone's soft body they are preoccupied from loving by the cataclysmic events of history, and

by the very case with which they approach sex. "No sadness ever sang in the streets for me," recalls the old man andly. Although MacLennan has grappled with today's politics and extended them to their logical—and technological—extreme, he has remained deeply in his earlier emotional view. Sexual love is brief and doomed, men are men of violence and ultimately regretful, women are the bedrock of society. As Conrad says of his mother: "She had understanding, deep and experienced, but she had no authority . . . She had an understanding so total that she had resigned herself to the fact that her understanding made no difference."

This dated psychology, encapsulated as it is in a futuristic vision, makes MacLennan himself sound at times like a voice out of time. It is an unfortunate anachronism in a novel that has all the fluid power of the best of his writing and the breadth of vision that came to an end with *Barometer Rising* almost 40 years ago. The sadness of the old, their hunger—for food, for relevance—the double-edged sword of their memory, these are the strong chords running through the novel. At the heart of it is the old man's belief that in the evolving new world the rediscovery of books will bring life back to life. It is a stubborn, naïve and most admirable conviction.

Katherine Gerier

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICITION

- 1 *Johns Then and Now*, *Recher* (1)
- 2 *Rage of Angels*, *Shelton* (2)
- 3 *The House Identity*, *Lutken* (3)
- 4 *3440*, *Mugler* (4)
- 5 *Prisoners of War*, *Shelton* (5)
- 6 *Random Words*, *Shelton* (6)
- 7 *The Fifth Man*, *Shelton* (7)
- 8 *Lovers* (7)
- 9 *Twelve*, *Shelton* (9)
- 10 *Girl on a Swing*, *Adams* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave*, *Toffler* (1)
- 2 *How to Live at Four Money and*
Not From Illusion
Overland, *Edmond*, *Shelton* (2)
- 3 *Shelton*, *Shelton* (3)
- 4 *The Neighbor's Wife*, *Toffler* (4)
- 5 *Can We Live in One, Abandon* (5)
- 6 *James Earl Ray's Testimony*,
Shelton (6)
- 7 *How to Choose*, *Shelton* (7)
- 8 *Shelton's Turbulent Times*,
Shelton (8)
- 9 *The Real War*, *Shelton* (9)
- 10 *Crash California's Dual*, *Shelton*
Crash, *Shelton* (10)

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Television

Prime-time samurai

SHOW
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Two hours in front of a television set would seem like a long haul, wouldn't it? But such adaptation of James Clavell's *Shogun*—at \$60 million the most expensive mini-series ever made for TV—is rarely anything less than engaging. Apart from its astronomical achievement, *Shogun* points to the possibilities of television as a popular medium: are the people who will spend a week with *Shogun* any less lucky than those who waited a long time ago for the next serial installment of a Dickens novel? Movies can't provide that ongoing pleasure and hooks, lately, seldom do. The generally unrelaxed ploy of TV is that length is not a liability.

"We tell ourselves stories," wrote Jean Paulhan, "in order to live." Or more precisely, to discover why we live and behave as we do. Rich with modest detail, conflict, color and emotional complexity, *Shogun* shows us, using the differences in cultures to explain Blackthorne's (Richard Chamberlain), an Englishman shipwrecked in 17th-century Japan, enters a world as alien as a distant planet. The country is rent with civil strife and the Portuguese, with the Catholic Church as an excuse, are already there exploiting it. Caught in the middle as a political pawn, Blackthorne is also caught in a cultural typhoon where he must renounce all his values. Perplexed by custom, his failing in love with an exquisite, troubled interpreter,

Wakano (Yoko Shimada), adds his confusions. His allegiance to the shrewd and powerful warlord Tokugawa (Yoshio Mifune) is forever threatened by Blackthorne's, more protection of him. After witnessing and being part of battles, sieges, ritual suicide, incestuous, betrayals, prison, an earthquake and time that bend like rope, Blackthorne begins to make sense now sense of himself and his experience, past and present.

Wesley, the makers of *Shogun* haven't subtitled the Japanese dialogue; we feel the same disorientation and fascination Blackthorne does. We begin to understand a people who have made us sit form out of politeness and who have found reason within ritual. The series, which is educational in its most useful form, might have been a great popular entertainment had Chamberlain not been misused, his face conveys little inner strength and we never get so deeply into him as we want to. (The non-Japanese casting to portray *Shogun*'s most vicious weakness.) But the director, Jerry London, despite a few minor lapses is, contrary, modulates the tale beautifully. *Shogun* doesn't look much like television and, for a change, you wonder how they did it for only \$22 million. And despite some over-the-top scenes in Edo's streets and some tacky singing (Wakamurasaki)—I understand.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Lifestyles

Co-op housing goes beyond the commune

By Matthew Teitelbaum

Two years ago, secretary Betty Seymour was in need of a welcoming community for her teenage son—a real home instead of their unsatisfactory space in a 14-storey Toronto apartment building. "It was cold and confusing," she recalls. "There was no sense of responsibility, no involvement, no caring. It was little more than a place to eat and sleep." Like many Canadians on low or fixed incomes, she had given up on the dream of owning a home. But she was stumped. How could a sense of belonging and commitment be built into a few temporarily possessed rooms to get another anonymous apartment complex? In desperation, Seymour reached out for an alternative she knew little about—and became one of 97 members of Toronto's Dorvala Park housing project. Now she takes special pleasure in having found her own answer to the housing crisis—co-operatives.

Seymour is one of an increasing number of Canadians who, as partners in residential communities where homes are owned, managed and often even built by the co-op as a whole, are embracing the more urgent "8th wheel" in the 10th round of a merry fed. Frustrated by dwindling housing alternatives and pulled by new government aid programs, co-op housing is moving into the



Weekend cleanup at Seymour's project (above), Hobbie. "It's like a small village."

mainstream. In just under two years, the number of co-op housing units in Canada has almost doubled, not incidentally at a time when house prices continue to rise. By year's end, about 15,000 units in close to 200 projects across the country will be home for roughly 60,000 Canadians.

Though the co-op movement is strongest in urban areas and therefore almost nonexistent in Atlantic Canada, its growth has been slow but steady since the first government-supported co-op, Winnipeg's Wilkie Park, was opened in 1965. The co-op-

movement, paying with time as well as money

ative community is like a small village," says Chris Smith, president of Toronto's Lushmore. Non-profit homes "You give up a certain amount of privacy but gain a wide support network." While co-op members come from a wide range of backgrounds, many are lower-middle income and most are former apartment dwellers. Enticed by tales of short-term evictions and meticulously increasing rents, most co-op dwellers take particular pride in designing land developers and landlords their predatory profits, a conclusion highlighted in a recent Ontario survey. Co-op housing payments, including utilities, increase by only 5 to 10 per cent each year.

But if the special rewards of co-op living are not paid for in money, members get out what they put in, often endured through their commitment of off-hours work time to co-op upkeep. In Betty Seymour's project, for example, members cleaned the construction site every weekend, saving the cost of skilled tradesmen and thousands of dollars in the process. In the day-to-day operations of all co-ops, members concern themselves with everything from landscaping to setting budget priorities. If there is a drawback in the system, it stems from its very strength: the



democratic process. Unlike homeowners, members can easily find themselves on the losing side of an issue and have little choice but to breathe deeply and forget it. As well, some people have trouble with the variable disposition and gossip within the community that co-op converts explain that they find the challenge a sign of neighbourly concern. Says Seymour freely, "We often get to know members before we moved in." This comforting version of the extended family meets the special needs of groups particularly distressed with conventional housing choices. Single

parents are pleased to find an environment that is genuinely supportive of their children. Says Linda Strong, a project co-ordinator with Vancouver's Columbia Housing Advisory Committee: "I have friends and colleagues who share my experience—I feel finally that I have real emotional support." Free co-operatives for newly arrived immigrants have been established in the past two years, and a 35-unit co-operative for women is being organized in Toronto. In many projects, prospective members are involved in the planning of their co-op, which allows for special consideration. Joyce Hobbie of Ottawa had a terrible time finding adequate living arrangements for herself and her three children when she was confined to a wheelchair five years ago. She moved with relief into Ottawa's Fairburn co-op for the handicapped when it opened two years ago. "I got tired of sitting around watching the dust gather," she says. "There were things I couldn't do, things I couldn't reach. Now I'm pretty well self-sufficient—almost everything is at arm's length."

In the past five years, housing ministers at the federal and provincial levels have come to realize that co-operative projects deserve solid government encouragement. Says Bob Garrod, a director at the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC): "Co-ops are a way to get affordable low-cost housing on the market." In his view, it defuses the government-as-landlord stigma associated with public housing projects. In May of 1983, CMHC unveiled its present stimulative co-op program, fully guaranteeing mortgages that co-op associations repurchase with private moneylenders. Under the direction of government-sponsored co-operative housing resource groups, these co-op associations are formed to choose land, contract out various construction jobs and guide their project to completion. Monthly interest is then dropped from the market rate to just two per cent for three years, after which it is increased gradually until the mortgage is paid off. Although expenses run anywhere from five to 35 per cent below comparable housing on the open market, provincial subsidy programs are also available.

While enthusiasts expect that co-op growth will continue, many outsiders still consider co-operative communities a mystical hodgepodge from the 1960s. A grant for the young and carefree has not a very serious way to live. Co-op converts recognize that their gargantuan challenge is to convince the skeptical that they really are no different—that they too seek a home of their own. Says Betty Seymour: "This is my secure place for my old age and I almost missed out on it because I thought co-ops were communes." ☐

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Films



A festival date with an ill-fated love affair

(RAT TINGS)
Directed by Nicolas Freg

As some time in the lives of most of us there occurs a star-crossed love affair, one that burns with the intensity of a solar flare and booms madly between the extremes of ecstasy and despair. It is emotional, mutually destructive and usually remote, but there's not one damn thing we can do about it—or would do about it if we could. Ultimately, of course, it ends, and the survivors (if there are any) go on to other, there sensible relationships and, years later, think back to the time when they felt so whacky and eternally alive.

It was impossible. But maybe it wasn't, really. Maybe the timing was just bad. That's *Red Tings*, a film that throws battery acid on the human psyche and lays bare the very worst in all of us. It's by Alex Louden (Art Garfunkel), New York Jewak, Aksh, professor of psychoanalysis, cerebral and methodical and unerringly conventional. He is Milera Flaherty (Thomas Russell), 21, and California golden, visceral and impulsive and passionate. They meet in Vienna—such a perfect trying place for two emotional sides—and fall hard into

love. And immediately the affair begins twisting sickly to an inevitable conclusion: neither will change because neither can, and we can only watch in horror and indignation as they slither across one another's paths on their way to final disengagement, terrible far be it and much more worse for him.

Garfunkel, who showed considerable acting skill in *Carroll O'Connor*, plays this role as if he's actually lived it. Russell, a virtual unknown despite her work in *The Last Tycoon* and *Stranger Than Paradise*, plays the role of virgin where to a new level, she is a dash (baw-waw). Then there is Harvey Keitel, brilliant as usual, playing a police inspector with his own obsession: the need to confirm that the souls of others are as corrupt as his own.

With *Red Tings*, certainly the most contentious of the Toronto festival's gala, director Nicolas Freg (*Providence*, *Don't Look Now*) surges all previous efforts and achieves, simply, greatness. This is not just another film about obsessive and perverse relationships, it is the film—the most thoroughly adult movie ever made in the English language. **Alex Gault**

A soap opera with conventional suds

(RAT TINGS)
Directed by Peter Spier

There was a time, not so long past (and not past at all in some quarters), when a film like *Suzanne* would have been given the benefit of the doubt—not because it was good, but because it was Canadian. Fortunately for the Canadian film industry—and unfortunately for *Suzanne*, which had an undeserved grin states at last week's Festival of Festivals in Toronto—movies made in this country are now judged by international criteria. And *Suzanne* falls woefully short.

The first mistake was the positively silly attempt to make Suzanne (Jennifer Dale) a metaphor for Quebec in the 1960s, torn between the English and French cultures as personified, respectively, by Sidney (Winston Baker), a brawling Irish thug and Georges (Gabriel Arcand), a gentle French-Canadian intellectual. The best scene in the film is the scene, when a gang of Protestants attack a Corpus Christi Day parade in east-end Montreal, and Suzanne does a voice-over describing the conflicts she suffers as the daughter of a Scots Presbyterian dad and a French-Canadian Catholic mom. That task, however, is immediately abandoned, and what's left is a predictable and conventional soap opera that went out with the sun in tries to capture Suzanne loves Nicky and Georges.



Dale, Arcand: Two lovers meet like four

loves Suzanne. Suzanne loves Georges, too, but not in the way that Nicky loves Nicky's baby, but because Nicky's no good for her, and it is in the slammer anyway for a jewelry heist, she marries Georges. Gaultier, Georges pledges to raise Nicky's child as his own. After an interminably long time as just, Nicky is out and he wants his son—but not to

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worried, because after some snafus and hiccups, nearly the final (almost) loss Gergely, Nagy and the boy tanning a football together while Susanne looks on lovingly.

All this takes about two hours (seven for four), and only decent performers by Dula, Robert and Arnold keep the eyes from glazing over. Some inspired editing might save the film and even make it half-way enjoyable—at least as a period piece. **J.G.**

Moral courage is its own reward

THE CONDUCTOR
Directed by Andrzej Wajda

While his work is generally unfamiliar to North American filmgoers, Andrzej Wajda is Poland's greatest living director, one of the acknowledged international giants of the industry. His cinematic genius aside, Wajda has, since the mid-'50s, shown the same moral courage in his work as the striking workers of Gdansk. And while *The Conductor* is a much less sweeping film than those of his renowned war-and-aftermath trilogy—*Generation*, *Conquest* and *Ashes and Diamonds*—it too deals in universal human truths, civility and humanity of purpose are, ultimately, their own rich reward.

The Conductor, although luckily replete in characterisation, advances a depressingly simple plot. Jan Laszki (for John Gielgud) returns to his small Polish home town after 30 years abroad, having reached the prominence of his generation. One reason for the return is a chance meeting in New York with Marta (Krystyna Janda), daughter of the woman he once cherished and, for him, her virtual resurrection. Marta, a refugee in the local orchestra, is married to John (Andrzej Seweryn), an orchestra leader, a man of minor talent and overweening ambition. His orchestra is mediocre—or it seems to be, until the great Laszki takes up the baton.

Adam is soon exposed for the straw man that he is. He doesn't love music, Marta tells him, it's only a means to an end, a shot at the big time. Finally, Adam's last vestige of integrity is tested by a group of local bureaucrats who would turn the Laszki concert into a great cultural propaganda coup. From this ensues a conclusion that is simultaneously tragic and triumphant.

Gielgud is generally considered to be the finest actor in the English-speaking world, and he does nothing here to disprove that reputation. But, amazingly, Janda and Seweryn are more than able to hold their own with him. Like Wajda, like all the Polish actors, they have much to teach us. **J.G.**

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The doors may be closed but it keeps in the heat

By Allan Fotheringham

There is something so basically free about the Canadian concept of country-building. The fairly land of the frontier, the true North strong and free, has to extend behind closed doors when it gets down to the most important task of all—defining what sort of country this is going to be. So we sit for four intriguing days in the tarted-up old Ottawa railway station on appropriate side for nation-builders, enduring the to get government as well as being inspired by more than touches of its quorum as well as moments of true passion. But when we get down to serious business, the essential nature of the Canadian political comes up what the press and the public and let's wheel and deal in private at 28 Sussex Drive, the constitutional for shoring up a new constitution to be kept for private eyes only.

The wonder is that the country puts up with it. We have already had the hands of the summer long Roy Roberson-Jean Chrétien caravan—the Ufo & Topas Show, as they call it. The Saskatchewan attorney-general and the federal justice minister crossed the country with their constitutional (foreplay, permping in for the September Arranged Marriage) which was to be a lesson in democracy, our latest day chances to forge a constitution in the full light of day. Schoolchildren would watch and marvel, adults would learn with pride, students would grow risk on free-line radio megaphones. Open conversation openly arrived at. That was the promise. That was the dream. The dream died. When the boys got down to hardball, they had to run and hide.

What is so interesting about the Canadian acceptance of public business being done in private is the equal assumption that Canadians are much more free than Americans. It makes up 63 per cent of our snug charm (the

other portions composed of Ken Taylor, lack of ribs and CMC radio). Americans would not for an instant get up with The Gang of 19 and Pierre himself retreating behind the doors of the press conference to make in a day what they couldn't make in four in public. The Yanks, thanks to their experience with King George, deal politicians are there to serve them—and to inform them. Canadians, one of the few people to shackle into nationhood without a war or revolution, have that leftover

evicted—had to vacate the conference door and had to conduct the day's business in an adjacent cramped room, where Pierre Trudeau was visibly annoyed at the volatile and occasionally drilling his way from the Mount St. Helens of politics, René Lévesque.

The most interesting point was the abuse heaped on Lynch and Schulte by their fellow sailors in the vanguard of information. They were accused of mere shortcoming in liaison change, since all journalists are able, agonized and the relevant point was missed.

If allowed, politicians would do everything in private. For one thing, it is much more efficient. Pierre Trudeau, after 11 years in prime minister, finds it hard to dispose his duties for that, both enormous ritual called the House of Commons. Journalists to press release is also easier. Only the customer, the voter, suffers.

We should not grieve for this, in brief, water-drinking clusters like Friday outside St. James Drive. Excessive drinking and moments of remorse and remorse, seeing the situation

and the Mounties for small class as to how the men who make a nation huddle behind closed doors—an admission that the type of happening and happening they are doing would be denied unless exposed to fear and public scrutiny. If their actions shall be known them. They are direct democrats, believing in the cause but unwilling to demonstrate it.

They have missed a grand opportunity, really. It's not actually because the presence of the TV cameras and the note books inhibit true and honest discussion. It's because they're accustomed to doing it the private way. The Yanks would host three men here. It's not often a country, struggling out of colonialism after 113 years, has a public opportunity to display its constitutional morals. These chaps blew it. They proved, on the end, too cowardly to ensure public scrutiny.



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